THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR

DECEMBER, 1809.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM CADIZ TO SEVILLE.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

(Continued from page 310.)

We reached La Brija about four in the afternoon. It is a miserable, squalid looking place, though it contains several thousand inhabitants. The day before our arrival there had been upwards of eighty French prisoners massacred by the inhabitants. This did not contribute in our minds to give it a more lively aspect. These unfortunate wretches belonged to the army of Dupont, a detachment of which was stationed under custody here. The intemperate behaviour of one of the French officers gave rise to this melancholy event. A party of them were dining together in commemoration of some anniversary, when, being heated with wine, and enraged at the insolence of a centinel placed at the door, this officer drew his sword and plunged it into his body. This rash act immediately occasioned a tumult, and every Frenchman that could be discovered fell a sacrifice to the fury of the populace. The life of the general and his aids was saved by the exertions of a priest, not without great difficulty. The remainder of the prisoners were withdrawn secretly at night by the magistrates, while we were there, and sent to Cadiz.

There is an ancient Moorish castle at La Brija, and a handsome church containing some paintings of Murillo. These are the only objects in the place worth a moment's attention. The posada, at which we alighted, did not present the most flattering aspect, nor did we anticipate from its appearance very sumptuous accommodations. We found it to be most truly in the Spanish style, and a pretty correct specimen of the inns of Spain. On entering the court yard the first object that saluted our eyes, or rather our noses, was a most filthy hovel, which proved to be the kitchen, filled with every thing unclean, and from which every thing unsavoury issued. The adjacent apartment was appropriated to the pigs. These agreeable in-

mates are generally looked upon as members of the family, and as such they enjoy equal rights and privileges with the rest of the household. They have at all hours free ingress and egress, which liberty they do not fail to make use of to the fullest extent. They seemed however to be more particularly attached to the kitchen than to any other apartment. The room contiguous, and immediately communicating with the kitchen, we perceived to be occupied by another description of cattle. This, of course, we concluded to be the stable, though by no means devoted exclusively to the four-footed gentry. The utmost equality prevails among the inhabitants. The mules share the apartment with their masters, both by day and night. They eat at the same table, and lie on the same couch. Stretched along the straw, with his eyes half shut, by the side of his long-eared companion, it seems a matter of doubt whether the muleteer or his beast is the most rational animal. The room allotted to us was a long hall above stairs, immediately over the last mentioned apartment. This, we understood, was destined to serve us for more purposes than one. After having been made use of as a dining room, it was to be converted into a bed chamber. There is no better sauce for travellers than hunger, and as not many among our party were afflicted with a want of appetite, we set to with a keenness that would have astonished an indifferent beholder. By dint of the provender we had brought from Xerez, which was not in a very sparing quantity, and with the aid of some few additional articles procured at the inn, we contrived to make what might any where be called a tolerable repast: at least none of us complained of hunger when the meal was finished.

We resolved to set out very early on the following morning, and as it was Sunday, we were under the necessity of making arrangements for hearing mass betimes. To hear mass on a holiday in Spain is much more indispensable than eating breakfast. Without submitting to this ceremony, no entreaties would have induced our muleteers to stir. Accordingly, as we were not desirous that they should risque the safety of their souls, we despatched mine host in the evening to look for the curate. This reverend personage was not long in making his appearance. If you recollect the description of Parson Trulliber, I need not draw his picture. Like that gentleman, his figure was nearly *equilateral*, that is to say, he was as tall when he lay on his back, as when he stood on his legs. His face, which was the emblem of good eating and drinking, was as round and as red as the full moon: or it seemed, to make use of a more sublime and appropriate simile,

> "As when the sun, new risen,
> Looks through the horizontal misty air,
> Shorn of his beams."

Do not imagine that I wish to infer a resemblance between him and his Satanick majesty in other respects. There was no necessity of much persuasion to induce the good curate to seat himself at table. He did this without being asked. He passed very high commendations on the quality of our wine, and to convince us that he spoke his real sentiments, he drank near two bottles of it. He proved to be a great politician, a violent patriot, and an eternal talker. These qualifications made me think him no small *bore*. We bargained with him for an early mass, and that he might not fail of attending as soon as we wished, we promised to give double the usual price. We here struck on the right string.

Our hostess, finding we were disposed to retire to rest, brought in mattresses of straw, the only species of beds that the house afforded, which she placed in a range along the stone floor. Some of them were furnished with two sheets, some with one and a half, but the majority with none at all. These couches were not the most luxurious, but it is said that there is no better soporifick than fatigue, and in this country travellers must not be fastidious. The preparations that were making did not in the least discompose our guest, the parson. He still stuck to the bottle, and his tongue ran as if it would never stop. Our wine and company were so much to his taste that he turned a deaf ear to all our hints. He heard them with the most perfect indifference and determined, broad as they were, not to understand them. Finding him in this disposition, we suffered him to take his own way. Accordingly he continued sitting until one half the company were in bed, and the other half undressed, before he thought it advisable to take himself off.

One of our companions, who was a great politician, and who had sat at table *argufying* with the curate, long after he was forsaken by every one else, from patriotick feelings, and good fellowship, drank a bottle extra. This was unfortunately more than he could digest, and he became very obstreperous. It had been well for the company, had he manifested no other symptoms. But scarcely were we five minutes in bed before so violent a revolution took place in his stomach, attended with such potent effects that none of us could stand the shock. This agreeable serenade, with appropriate groans and exclamations, continued for near three hours with little intermission, during which time all attempts to sleep were, as you may suppose, abortive.

On going to bed I felt very tired, and hoping to enjoy a more comfortable nap, I had the imprudence to take off my clothes. Of this I in a short time most bitterly repented, as I was assailed from every quarter by an army of fleas. Having made many ineffectual efforts to close my eyes, after our noisy fellow traveller had become quiet, I was compelled to get up and put on my clothes. This, however, was being wise too late. I

found myself "stung like a tench;" ne'er a "king in christendom could have been better bit." The night was now very far advanced, and it seemed as if the fates had entered into a league with Bacchus and the fleas, to exclude Morpheus from the room, and to keep sole possession themselves. Our long-winded priest, drunkenness, and fleas, were alas! not our only sufferings. The room below, as I before mentioned, was occupied by the four-footed lodgers. The mules have their heads adorned with rows of bells, which ornaments their masters do not always think proper to take off at night. These bells kept gingling the whole night, and to make the musick more gratifying to our ears, the braying of about twenty asses was added to the concert. This was alone sufficient to "murder sleep."

The parson did not deceive us: punctual to his word, he called in the morning at half past three. After hearing mass at a neighbouring convent, we returned to the inn, and recommenced our journey. Until the day broke, which was nearly two hours, we went along in silence and darkness, meeting no object on the road, and hearing nothing but the rattling of our crazy vehicles, except now and then the matin bell of a distant convent. The road was so bad, that we were several times obliged to alight. Some of my valiant fellow travellers were again on the look out for robbers; still however no gentlemen of that profession thought proper to attack us. From Xerez we travelled in a different manner from our first setting out. Instead of three calesas, we had a coach and four, and only one of those machines. Two Spanish officers, who left La Brija with us, increased the cavalcade.

Half way between La Brija and Seville we stopped at a miserable and desolate hut, to breakfast on the remnant of our provisions, and about one o'clock we came in sight of the spires and turrets of that city. We saw little or nothing on the road interesting or remarkable. The prospect was enlivened by no trees, hedges, or enclosures. No cottages, country seats, villages or spires could be discerned at intervals to relieve the eye. There was every where a dreary sameness. A few scattered olive trees were the only objects of vegetation which now and then appeared, that could in any way divert the attention. The footsteps of despotism and oppression might be seen at every mile. There is no spot on the globe where the soil is richer than it is here, or where so little aid is required from cultivation. In many places it produces spontaneously the most delicious fruits of France and Italy. So great is its fertility, that perhaps no other region of the habitable earth could maintain such a number of inhabitants with so little labour. From the extensive tracts of uncultivated ground the country has a most melancholy and dreary aspect. Such has been the oppression of the government and the influence of superstition

for ages past, that the advantages derived from the bounty of nature lie unimproved and neglected; and those regions that in other hands would exhibit every feature of profusion and plenty, seem now no other than a barren and sterile desert. We saw repeatedly immense flocks of sheep under the care of their shepherd, browzing on the extensive plains through which we passed. The number of shepherds in Spain is estimated at 40,000. As we approached towards Seville, we discovered but little alteration in the appearance of the country. No pleasant farms, no orchards, villas, or cultivated fields indicated our proximity to a great metropolis. The land about the city is, notwithstanding, exceedingly fertile, and it was formerly called the garden of Spain. On the other side it has a much more pleasing aspect.

Seville is situated on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the midst of a vast plain. As we entered into the town, our carriages drove through a long range of elms, which form a very handsome avenue, and make a favourable impression. On the right hand of the avenue we beheld the extensive gardens of the royal palace, filled with orange, lemon and fig trees, the branches of which seemed unable to support their luxuriant load. On the opposite bank of the river we had a fine view of the town of Triana.

We drove through several streets so narrow that it was with the utmost difficulty our carriages could pass. Just before we reached the inn we were under the necessity of alighting and proceeding forward on foot, in consequence of the wheel of our coach having got lodged on a post at the corner of a street. We accordingly left the coachman, who stood blaspheming and cursing his mules, to extricate it in the best manner he could.

We went to an inn, said to be the best in the city, called the *Posada de Beviera.* My first care was to secure an apartment to myself, and next to see what the larder could furnish. Fortunately there was no scarcity, and after giving orders for the best dinner which the house afforded to be got ready without loss of time, I proceeded to give myself those ablutions so grateful, and so necessary after a long journey. When I had equipped myself, finding that dinner could not be prepared with so much expedition as our appetites demanded, I resolved, notwithstanding I was somewhat fatigued, to take a stroll with one of my fellow travellers in order to beguile the time. I seldom feel inclined on my first arrival at a strange place to remain long in the house.

There is, perhaps, no town in Europe where a stranger so soon gets bewildered as in Seville. The streets form a complete labyrinth, and without a guide it is next to impossible for him to find his way. We did not of course venture far from the inn, but determined to defer our rambles until we could

furnish ourselves with a guide and indulge our curiosity without the risk of getting lost. Very few of the streets are wide enough for carriages, and most of the walls are indented with deep furrows occasioned by the wheels which often graze the opposite houses at the same time. In the street where we lodged, like many others, a person might easily from the window of one house shake hands with another in the opposite, or in the middle of the street he could reach the houses on each side with his arms extended.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

WEBSTER'S GRAMMAR.

My attention has been attracted by two communications of Mr. Webster in the *Monthly Anthology* of September last. On the perusal of these, as of many former productions of his pen, one is struck with the extraordinary industry with which that gentleman presses his "discoveries" into the publick service.

Without meaning to detract one whit from his merits, for, as a labourer in the fields of literature, he certainly does possess them, I cannot but regret that, in the heat of his zeal, he is apt to employ means to promote his plans, which are not creditable to a man, who, unbiassed by any consideration of self-interest, searches after truth *alone*.

An instance of this occurs in one of his arguments to induce the inhabitants of Boston to foster his productions, and especially to purchase his *last* grammar. Mr. Webster says "My Philosophical and Practical Grammar is held in great repute in New York and New Jersey. It is used in some reputable colleges. How happens it that in the metropolis of New England it meets with a different fate?" He then quotes the letter from President Smith of Princeton College, which the publick has so often seen displayed in his advertisements in the Newspapers.

In the above quotation one fact is distinctly asserted, viz. that the grammar is held in high estimation in New York and New Jersey; and another is intended to be *inferred*, viz. that the colleges of these states have adopted it; but, unfortunately, both are destitute of foundation. A rigid scrutiny into this matter will prove New York and New Jersey to be offenders as incorrigible as the "metropolis of New England." Mr. Webster has many personal friends in these two states who favoured his political writings, when an editor of a newspaper, and who at that period contracted an intimacy with him. These are chiefly commercial and political characters, who, I dare say, are more

ready to compliment him on his literary performances, than they are to read a page of them.

The writer of these remarks has some facilities for knowing what books are used, especially in New Jersey, and it is news to him if Mr Webster's Grammar, which the author says is "highly approved in New York and New Jersey," is adopted as the standard in a single seminary in either of these states. I had indeed supposed, from knowing that the author had often expressed great satisfaction at the success of his new grammar, that the scene of its success was laid in the "metropolis of New England;" and yet, had I been curious enough to have investigated the fact, I might, without much trouble, have satisfied myself that it could not have been highly approved any where; because it could not any where have had a very extensive sale. It is now nearly three years since this book was first put into my hands; and I neither see nor hear a syllable about a *second* edition! A school-book designed for general use, as was the case with this "Philosophical and *Practical* Grammar," could not have been highly approved by even a small section of the union, without there being before this period a demand for a second edition.

With regard to the letter of President Smith, which is triumphantly brought forward to silence those who, he says, "are bent on decrying every thing American," I can truly say that I honour the *motive* which generally leads that gentleman to applaud every performance that is offered to him for his patronage. His *object* is to encourage American genius; but whether such indiscriminate approbation does really tend to promote the interests of correct literature, is a matter upon which some may entertain an opinion different from that of Dr. Smith. At all events, his letter loses no small portion of its influence, when it is known that the worthy President informs Mr. Webster that he has "reared a more complete system of grammar than any writer who has preceded him," and yet, by his *acts*, he evinces that he does not think it "*practical*" enough to be adopted; for, strange to tell! even Nassau Hall affords as little shelter for this darling child of Mr. Webster as the "metropolis of New England!" This "more complete system of grammar than any other writer" has produced, it seems, must even *there* give place to the grammar of Murray!

One cannot but feel an inclination to smile at the complaints of Mr. Webster against the injustice and severity of American Reviewers. That a man who has condemned, without mercy, the greatest scholars the world has produced, who has represented their labours as mounds of ignorance, charging them with "introducing more errors than they have corrected,"*

* Ecce Signum! That the publick may have a specimen of Mr. Webster's ideas of decorum, I shall exhibit him in the employment of describ-

not scrupling, at the same time, to hold up his own light as alone capable of conducting the traveller through the mazes

ing to his readers the merit of some of the brightest luminaries in literature. As a refiner of our language, and a writer on *Belles Lettres*, we must suppose him capable of no departure from those rules of courtesy which become a scholar and a gentleman. The following are from his writings. *Passim.*

HARRIS: "In opposition to *Lowth's* opinion, I consider *Harris* as a most inelegant writer." *Grammar, page* 55.

LOWTH: "Many of *Lowth's* criticisms are extremely erroneous, and they have had an ill effect in perverting the true idiom of our language. Not half of the doubtful points have been correctly settled by Lowth. Neither Lowth nor Johnson understood the Saxon or Primitive English, without which no man can compile a real English Grammar."

Letter to Ramsay.

SHERIDAN "has corrupted the pronunciation of millions of people."

Preface to Dictionary.

"WALKER fell into such palpable mistakes in his own scheme as utterly to defeat its object. The five hundred and forty-five rules of Walker are more difficult to learn than the language itself." *Ibid.*

BLAIR and CAMPBELL are graciously permitted to have the credit of "*some* good remarks;" but, alas! "interspersed with *many* errors."

JOHNSON: "I am prepared, by a minute examination of this subject, to affirm, that not a single page of Johnson's Dictionary is correct." Of this "wretchedly imperfect" work our grammarian says a great deal, and thus enumerates its "general faults:" "The insertion of a multitude of words which do not belong to the language;" "An injudicious selection of authorities;" It contains "thousands of passages" composed of "words which, as Horne Tooke says, are no more English than the language of the Hottentots;" "Johnson has transgressed the rules of lexicography in the use of vulgar and cant words;" [Wonderful! what has the New Haven Lexicographer done?] "Want of discrimination in the different senses of words;" "Inaccuracy of etymologies," &c. &c.

MASON is then quoted as respectable authority to prove that "Johnson abounds with inaccuracies as much as any book whatever written by a scholar;" "That this muddiness of intellect sadly besmears and defaces almost every page." "Mason," says Mr. Webster, "has lately ventured to attempt, and *with some success*, to supply the defects and correct the errors." The authority of Horne Tooke, who, Mr. Webster says, "has pointed out the Temple of Knowledge, and unlocked the gate" through which he afterwards passed "and penetrated into the building," is next adduced to prove Johnson's Grammar and Dictionary "most truly contemptible performances, a reproach to the learning and industry of a nation which could receive them with the slightest approbation;" "The most idle performances ever offered to the public," &c. &c.

Had I not been of rather a saturnine temperament, when I first perused these passages, I should have burst into an indecorous fit of laughter at the ludicrous specimen Mr. Webster has given, in his own person, of the truth of one of his remarks: viz. That "it is the fate of man to vibrate from one extreme to the other." The above extracts are from Webster's letter to Ramsay; those which follow are from his preface to his Dictionary, written a short time before.

"It is my intention to treat Dr. Johnson with the *utmost respect*, [frail resolution!] nor can I omit this opportunity of expressing my disapprobation of the disrespectful manner in which Mr. *Mason* has mentioned him. A *real scholar* cannot speak of Johnson with contempt." [What a deadly thrust this is at the scholar who pointed out to him the Temple of

they have created, should fall into a passion at the tardiness of criticks in adopting his innovations, and complain of their strictures on his work, may appear inconsistent and extraordinary; but such instances are not uncommon.

The celebrated Peter Pindar, who, during a period of thirty years, had lampooned without discrimination all the virtue of the age, appears, at length, to have imagined himself possessed of the *exclusive* privilege of wielding the shafts of satire. Accordingly, when Gifford ventured to enter the list against him, and to criticise his writings, the nerves of the old poet became too much irritated to endure it; and he, therefore, flew to a court of law to obtain redress for a lashing, which he had himself inflicted on thousands. As might, however, have been expected, the prosecutor was hooted out of court with a load of

Knowledge.] "How can Mason," he proceeds, "be excused for the asperity with which he treats Dr. Johnson, whose "palpable errors" he professes to rectify, and whose "material omissions" he professed to supply, when his own work contains scarcely a new term in all the various branches of natural history in which most of the improvements in our language have been made !! Even the common words, expenditure, &c. are in vain sought for in his Supplement !"

This specimen of Mr. Webster's *stability* will assist us in judging of his qualifications for *fixing* a standard of language. It also exhibits the progress of refinement in his own mind, which appears to keep pace with his advance into Saxon regions.

To-day we are assured that "a real scholar cannot speak of Johnson with contempt." To-morrow our *scholar* himself ranks him with the Hottentots. But I must proceed to another.

"MURRAY not having mounted to the original source of information, and professing *only* to select and arrange the rules and criticisms of preceding writers, has furnished little or nothing new." I wonder that the insignificance here attached to Murray did not prove his protection against Mr. Webster's subsequent elaborate attacks; for if Murray has produced nothing new, in what consists those great offences which appear to have given Mr. Webster more disturbance than those of any other writer?

PINKERTON is said "to have a very superficial knowledge of grammar."

PALEY'S works, and Dr. MILLER'S *Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century*, excellent in other respects, "abound in errors of grammar."

Having thus prostrated each grammarian separately, our author next throws them into one confused heap, thus: "From a careful survey of the history of our language, I have ascertained, beyond any reasonable doubt, that the English Grammars, which have been published within the last forty years, have introduced more errors than they have corrected. I can affirm that nearly one half of what is called etymology in Vossius, Junius, Skinner, Johnson, and Ainsworth, consists of groundless conjectures, or in statements that throw not a ray of light on the subject."

Such is the *manner* of the writer, who complains of the injustice of his countrymen towards him, compares their conduct with that of the persecutors of Galileo, declaring that "if it differs *in degree* it accords in *principle*;" when *in fact*, he derives his whole support from the sale of his books among a people who, through good nature, allow themselves to be brow-beaten into his measures, even to the contribution of money to encourage him in his vagaries.

obloquy on his shoulders. Defeated by the *law*, he next had recourse to the *cudgel;* but, unfortunately, here also he met with a default; for Gifford, not admitting his *exclusive* right even to the use of that weapon, fell to retorting in a similar way, and soon laid the vanquished poet sprawling in the mud; an instructive spectacle to those who assume to themselves the *exclusive* right of criticising the productions of others.

Mr. Webster complains that he has had to encounter more prejudice than Murray, that American Reviewers have applauded the latter, where they would have censured him. Without leaving to others to judge of the cause of this difference, he more than intimates that it proceeds from a disposition to "decry every thing *American*," and to favour the production of English presses, thereby insinuating that nothing *American* is encouraged when they applaud the works of *Murray*.

"American Reviewers," he says, "are as passive as lambs under this outrage [by Murray] on classic purity. We hear from them no censure, no clamour about innovation." I sincerely hope that Mr. Webster did not intend by these expressions to conceal the fact that *Murray* also is an American; and that therefore there is not as much of patriotism in supporting the works of one as the other.

Admitting, for the gratification of Mr. Webster, that Murray did suffer an errour to run through some of the early editions of his Grammar; and that, on that occasion, he was treated with more courtesy than the other has experienced. A reason for this difference can easily be found in the relative claims of each grammarian to civil treatment. When Mr. Webster sees his true interest so far as to adopt the modest and unassuming manner of the accomplished Murray, he will doubtless receive more lenity from criticks, and more credit from every body. If by my pointing out to him his chief failing, I shall be instrumental to his reformation, I shall have rendered him a more essential service than all the recommendatory letters which he has ever published.

But it will not require great penetration to foresee that Mr. Webster will believe me as ignorant and as inimical as he believes all others who have not applauded his book. Ignorant I may be, but inimical I am not. No person would more readily contribute his mite to assist that gentleman in any project, which would advance the real interests of literature; but while he voluntarily seats himself in the great chair of criticism, he should make his decisions conformably to its laws. The principle, that the king can do no wrong, does not extend here; and when therefore his lingual majesty maltreats his subjects for not submitting to the new code which he has extracted from Norman, Teutonick, Celtick, Saxon and Gothick barbarians, he must expect that they will resolutely maintain their right to

remonstrate; and, if his administration deserve it, to resist him as an usurper.

Thus far my observations have been confined to strictures on Mr. Webster's *manner* of enforcing his "Discoveries." I shall next proceed to consider the *matter* of these discoveries themselves. But as I have already occupied as much space as could be reasonably claimed at this time, I must defer the remainder to your next number.

October 30*th*, 1809. STEADY HABITS.

SILVA, No. 58.

.....Trunco non frondibus efficit umbram.
Lucan l. 140.

JAMES MERRICK, A. M.

FELLOW of Trinity College, Oxford, published, in 1763, a translation and paraphrase of the Psalms of David. The Critical Review for the month of February, in that year, remarks upon that publication as follows. "Such paraphrases of the scripture seldom succeed. It must be no ordinary genius that enters into the spirit and sublimity of the sacred writings. The poems before us fall in our opinion within the sphere of mediocrity; not bad enough to incur severe censure, nor good enough to deserve uncommon applause!" Notwithstanding this damnatory sentence of the Critical Reviewers, repeated editions of Merrick's Psalms have been given to the world, and favourably received. Indeed there are lovers of sacred poetry, who think Mr. Merrick a versifier of a fine imagination and truly classical taste. Let the following passage from his translation of the 18th Psalm serve as a specimen of his manner:

"Incumbent on the bending sky,
The Lord descended from on high,
And bade the darkness of the pole
Beneath his feet tremendous roll.
The Cherub to his car he join'd,
And on the wings of mightiest wind,
As down to earth his journey lay,
Resistless urg'd his rapid way.
Thick-woven clouds, around him clos'd,
His secret residence compos'd,
And waters high-suspended spread
Their dark pavilion o'er his head.
In vain reluctant to the blaze
That previous pour'd its streaming rays,
As on he moves, the clouds retire,
Dissolv'd in hail and rushing fire:
His voice the Almighty Monarch rear'd,
Through heaven's high vault in thunders heard,

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As on he moves, the clouds retire,
Dissolv'd in hail and rushing fire:
His voice the Almighty Monarch rear'd,
Through heaven's high vault in thunders heard,

And down in fiercer conflict came
The hailstones dire and mingled flame.
With aim direct his shafts were sped,
In vain his foes before them fled;
Now here, now there, his light'nings stray,
And sure destruction marks their way:
Earth's basis open to the eye,
And Ocean's springs were seen to lie,
As, chiding loud, his fury past,
And o'er them breath'd the dreadful blast."

JUDGMENT....MEMORY.

"THERE is no royal road to Geometry," said an ancient philosopher to a monarch who wished to be flattered by being instructed in that science in a compendious manner. If the observation is just in its application to the exact sciences, which demand less of profound thought than of patient observation, how much more appropriate is it to the departments of moral investigation and polite literature. The uselessness of a memory overstocked by words without meaning is admirably exemplified in an examination of a smart young man, which I have translated from the life of Ruhnken, the learned Professor of History and the Greek language at the University of Leyden.

Before Ruhnken entered on the duties of his office, he lived in the family of one of the principal men in the city. There was one evening at supper with them a man very rich and respectable, of good disposition rather than great talents or learning, who happened to mention that he had a son at home who was soon to enter the University, and he asked Ruhnken what lectures he ought to attend. He answered, history and the other sciences. "But," said the father, "my son has no need of history, he knows it well enough already; for, as I have two daughters, and have given them an instructer at home, a governess, as they call her, I have put my son also under her tuition; and she knows more of history than any professor." At that time Ruhnken used to employ irony, like Socrates, to expose the errours of others, especially of such kind of men; in his later years, recovering his native candour, he simply refuted them. He said therefore, "you are happy indeed, to have such a treasure at home; do not, I beg you, keep it to yourself, but bring it forward for the general advantage, and place your learned preceptress in the collégiate chair of history" "You may joke, but what I say is true." "Well then," said Ruhnken, "what has your boy learned, what part of history, from what author, in what course and method?" "Indeed," said he, "I cannot answer all your questions. When young, I studied history, but I now begin to forget such things. However, I will send my son to you, who will satisfy you on

every question." Some days after came this *peeping chicken* of the governess, pluming his feathers, and congratulating himself, that he was to exhibit his learning before so learned a man. Ruhnken received the youth kindly, and had a conversation with him worth repeating, which we shall give in the form of a dialogue, rather than narration, that it may be easier understood.

RUHNKEN. I hear that you have made great progress in history, and have a mistress at your house profoundly skilled in it. PUPIL. Yes, our governess knows all history; and I venture to say that I have profited greatly from her instruction. R. And what have you learned? Tell me. P. All history. R. What is all history? Has your mistress taught you all history, and has she not taught what all history is? P. She has, for she is very learned. R. I do not doubt, that your high esteeem of her is well founded; but reflect what this means, all history. P. All history? That is, what is related in books. R. Here are books for you; many of history, Herodotus, Livy, Tacitus, and others. Do you know those authors? P. I do not, but I know the things themselves. R. No doubt. We must, however, from your knowledge of all history, except in the first place a knowledge of the historians. But perhaps your mistress has told you who Homer was, and Hesiod, and Plato, and the other philosophers and poets. P. I think not, for if she had, I should have remembered. R. Then from all history which you know, we must except also the history of poets and philosophers. P. I just now said that I did not learn *those*, but the things themselves. R. But *those*, as you call them, are men. You have then acquired a knowledge of things, but not of men too; as you have learned that the city of Rome was built, but not by what men. P. Ah! now you bring it to my mind. Rome was built by the two brothers, Romulus and Remus, sons of Rhea Sylvia and Mars, whom king Amulius exposed soon after their birth, but a wolf nursed them with her milk, and a shepherd afterwards took and educated them. R. You have said enough, my fine fellow, to shew that the history of things and of men is connected. But tell me now, of what other things and men you have learned. For instance, Sylla, tell me who he was. P. A tyrant at Rome. R. Was tyrant the name of any office or magistrate? P. I don't know. Sylla is certainly called so in history. R. Have you not learned that he was Dictator, and what was the power of that title and office? P. Not as I remember. R. Perhaps your mistress has told you what was the power and duty of other magistrates among the Romans, of the Quaestor, the Aedile, the Praetor, the Consul, the Censor, the Tribune, and others? P. She did not tell me; for these are more difficult, and less pleasant to learn, than events, and the explanation would have taken up too much of our time. R. Of that you will perhaps better

judge hereafter. Now from all your history of things we must also substract a knowledge of the Roman magistrates. P. But we were more delighted with learning about wars and actions. R. Have you heard of Carthage, and the wars with her. P. Yes, I have heard. There were three wars. R. Tell me; in the second, who were successful? P. The Romans. R. Were they successful too from the beginning of it? P No, indeed, they were beaten by Hannibal in four battles successively, at Ticinum, Trebia, Thrasymene and Cannae. R. Did your mistress relate the causes of the Roman defeats? P. She did not tell the causes, but the facts. R. Perhaps you understand the causes, by which the Roman fortunes were restored. P. To be sure, I understand. Their bravery was the cause. R. Were they not brave in the beginning of the war? P. Yes, they were brave. R. You think then their bravery was the cause of their conquering and being conquered. P. I don't know; but I know, that nobody ever asked me such hard questions before. R. Well, I will ask easier ones. Is it probable, that the Romans would have come off conquerors in that war, if the most powerful kings of that age had united their forces with the Carthaginians? P. What kings were they? R. Do you not know, that there were at that time very powerful kings, the successors of Alexander the Great, in Macedonia, Asia, Syria and Egypt? P. O, yes, I know it, and we have studied the history of them in another chapter; but I did not think that they lived at the time of the second Punick war. R. Do you consider that their mutual rivalship was the reason, why they did not join their forces with the Carthaginians in that war, or afterwards with each other to hinder the increase of the Roman power; whence it happened, that all those kings, singly and in succession, were subdued by the Romans. P. I perceive it now, when you mention it; and the reflection pleases me. R. The observation of causes is indeed not only pleasant, but useful. But now you will not deny, that, from all the history which you know, we must substract also the knowledge of causes. P. I cannot deny it; but this I will maintain, that every thing, beside those you have excepted, we have studied. R. Tell me then what else you have learned. Or, if from so many things you know not how to begin, tell me where history itself begins? P. With the creation of the world. R. I ask of men and things. P. The first men were Adam and Eve, whom God created on the sixth day in his own image, and placed in Paradise, whence they were afterwards expelled, and.... R. You need not add any more. I perceive that you have learned some little book by heart. Of what men and things did it afterwards inform you? P. Of the posterity of Adam, of the patriarchs before and after the deluge, and all about the Jews until their overthrow. R. Why do you believe, that these things you have learned really happened? P. Because they are related in the sacred books, by

divine inspiration. R. Are the Roman and other histories, that you have studied, related in the sacred books? P. No, indeed. R. And yet you believe them too. P. Why not? They are contained in other books worthy of credit. R. True, but what books? P. Our mistress has two books in French; one small, which we learn and recite; the other large, in several volumes, out of which she reads to us now and then. R. Were the authors of those two books themselves engaged in the affairs which they relate? P. Not at all; for they are later, and lived within our fathers' memory, or our own. R. Whence then did they receive their knowledge of those events? P. From other credible books. R. Do you know those books? P. No. R. How can you then affirm, that those, which you do not know, are credible? P. I believe my mistress. R. How old are you? P. Fifteen years. R. What! A young gentleman! and your mistress still treats you like a child. P. How so? R. Because she relates history or fable to you, as a child. Do you think that the history she teaches you is true? or is it of no consequence that fables are told you for truth? P. Yes, it is of much consequence. But I know that every thing we learn from her is true. R. To know this, it is necessary to know the means of distinguishing truth from falsehood. P. I do not know the means, but I believe my mistress, for she is learned, and speaks the truth. R. Do you observe your inconsistency? One minute you know; the next you do not know; then you believe. P. I cannot answer you so easily as my mistress; for she, I don't know how, asks these questions easier. R. Well, my good fellow, I will put easier questions. Is what history relates true or false? P. True, to be sure. R. Can any body, who is unable to distinguish truth from falsehood, write or read, teach or learn history to advantage? P. I don't know. R. Not know? Do you not know whether there is any advantage in learning history? P. Indeed I think there is great advantage in it. R. What is the advantage? P. I don't know. R. Has not your mistress told you, that the foundations of many truths are built upon historical facts; that history teaches us other truths with greater ease and certainty; that her examples are of great use in the government of life and the management of the state? P. She has not; but I believe with you, that it is so, for what you say seems very probable. R. Answer me further. Is not that, by the aid of which we obtain any thing, an instrument? P. It is. R. Is not history then the instrument of obtaining those advantages? P. It is so. R. Now tell me, is not money an instrument in the intercourse of life? P. Yes, a great one. R. If a man should collect money without observing whether it was good or bad, and should take many counterfeits, what would be the result? Would he not be in want when the season of expending it arrived? P. It is as you say. R. Again, are not the instruments of navigation, the pilot, the sailors, the

ship and its parts, the keel, deck, helm, anchor, sails, masts, rigging, &c. and should not the master or merchant, before he trusts himself to the wind and the sea, prepare and inspect these instruments, and not take them by chance from others, but examine and prove whether they are strong and fit for use, lest he should pay the forfeit of his carelessness, by shipwreck or death? P. You say very true. R. I have said that history is the foundation of truth; do you now think it of importance to the edifice, whether the foundations be sound and solid, or weak and rotten. P. It is all important. R. Now you perceive what sort of an instrument or foundation your history would be; with what danger you would have used it, when, in the conduct of life, as in a voyage, it could have afforded you no directions, or only false ones, and in the course of your studies would have enslaved you by vain authorities and precepts. You thought that you understood all history; you now see how much is wanting. You have heard nothing of the historians, nothing of the poets and philosophers, nothing of the power and duty of magistrates, and, I suspect, nothing of many other things, civil and military, of places and dates, nothing of the observation of causes, nothing in short of the means of distinguishing falsehood and truth. After all these deductions, how much history have you left? P. I perceive it now, and regret my attention to history. R. You may take courage. For the first time you now advance in knowledge, when you begin to know of how much you are ignorant. You observe how inadequate for you who are soon to commence the studies of the University, and to undertake, as it were, a voyage of publick and private life, is that weak foundation and furniture of history, and that you require a more firm, efficient and manly one, which may assist you to a better understanding of every thing, an observation of causes, a discrimination between truth and falsehood, and, as I may say, to the history of history, that is to know who are the authors, on what subjects and with what knowledge and fidelity they have written. P. Your advice is very just; and I beg you to give me some little book from which I may soon learn all these things. R. Do you expect to be able to learn every thing from certain little books, as you learned the little book of history to recite to your mistress? I do not say that you ought to regret your labour and her instruction, which has been serviceable in impressing on your memory this childish knowledge of history; but it is now time to exercise the judgment, to pursue a manly course of study. This is not acquired suddenly, or by swallowing a single book. The writers on it you will at last understand and read with profit, after you have gradually accustomed yourself to it by a diligent attendance on the lectures of Professors who treat of history in that manner.

THE following translation of the Lord's Prayer is said, in the Monthly Magazine, for August, 1809, but upon what authority I know not, to have been presented by Pope Adrian IV. whose father was Robert Breakspeare, of Abbot's Langton, in Hertfordshire, to Henry II. king of England.

Ure fader in hevene riche
Thi name be haliid everliche,
Thou bring us to thi michilblisce,
Thi will to wirche ther us wisse,
Als hit is in hevene ido
Ever in erth ben hit also,
That heli brede yat lastyth ay,
Thou sende hiouse yis ilke day
Forgiv ous al yat we havith don,
Als we forgiv och oder mon,
Ne let ous falle in no foundinge
Ak schilde ous fro ye foul thinge....Amene.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ANTHOLOGY.

Gentlemen,

The following translation of a letter from a French emigrant, in which names and dates are suppressed, is offered for your miscellany, by a *Correspondent.

Boston, ..., ...

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will have heard from the inhabitants of D....., that I have been for some months past in the new world. An excellent opportunity offers for writing by a person who is going to Bordeaux, and who has promised me to present my packet himself, at the chateau of D....., on his way to Paris. Having finished my despatches for Mde. de B..... and Alphonse, I am going to indulge myself in communicating, in idea, with the friend of my youth. God knows if I shall ever do it again personally. I almost despair of it, at times.

Fatigued with the perpetual jarrings and discord I experienced with ..... in London, I resolved to embark for the United States, and from the activity that prevails in the commerce between the two countries, the facility of a passage is quite inviting. I hoped too by changing the scene to get rid of the intolerable ennui, that had for a long time entirely mastered me. Alas! my friend, is it to be wondered at, after so many years

* We give this letter as we received it, and without comment. Ed.

of absence, after having experienced such a variety of suffering, after so many renewed expectations have been blasted! Yet our feelings must be stifled; the world is soon fatigued with the appearance of sadness, but fortunately suffers itself to be easily deceived. He who would not be elbowed out of society, must not frighten it by his looks, but must wear confidence and hope in his face, when his heart is sinking within him,

> ..... curisque ingentibus aeger,
> Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.

How doubly wretched is the situation of that exile, who, if his return were permitted, returns only to witness the destruction of his property, the desolation of his friends and the dispersion of his family! Excuse me, my dear St. E..... I did not intend to entertain you in this way.

My long residence in England, where I had attained a passable knowledge of the language, has been of great advantage to me; as coming here, though to a different country, did not seem like entering a foreign one. I arrived first at Philadelphia, and I have now seen most of the large towns in the United States. I felt more curiosity to see this city than any of the rest, because, you know, formerly it was the name most familiar to our ears. We even invented a game at cards, to which we gave the name of Boston, and as it is one of our most amusing games, I have been surprised to find it unknown here, though it so nearly resembles whist, that one would have supposed it would have become popular. The Anglo Americans, during their revolution, were commonly known in France by the name of *Bostonians*, which, I am told, is kept up to this day by the French peasantry in Canada. My poor cousin, the Count de V..... used to talk so much of it, after his return from America, that my curiosity was excited in happier times, when I no more expected to see this country, than I anticipated the disastrous events that have forced me to wander.

This town is only the third or fourth in size, but is incomparably the most interesting in its appearance. Indeed, the natural beauties of its environs seem not to have been sufficiently celebrated. The other towns of America can boast of more elegance in their publick buildings, but they are laid out on level ground, are almost without domes and spires, and their streets intersecting each other at right angles, which though it adds to their convenience, makes them too uniform and insipid; neither do those towns announce themselves to the traveller with any eclat. Boston is built on a peninsula, containing several hills, and its streets seem to have been left to direct themselves by accident, most of them narrow and crooked. It has as many steeples as a town in Europe, which have always a pleasing effect at a distance. On whatever side

you view it, new features appear, and the traveller is led to imagine it to be much larger than it really is; indeed if you will pardon the expression, I should say that it is the most coquettish town in displaying itself, that I have ever seen. Its harbour is full of islands, its environs are composed of gentle hills and pleasant vallies, and here and there a beautiful little lake; indeed there is no end to their charms. For variety of views and pleasing effect of its landscape, it can hardly be surpassed. One great defect attending the scenery in this country, is the want of imposing or interesting artificial objects, that recal some illustrious character or event, and by furnishing associations of ideas in the mind, give an interest which mere nature can never produce. This is in some degree remedied here, as most of the eminences in the vicinity of the town are crowned with the entrenchments thrown up during their revolution, and one of them is distinguished by having been the scene of the most memorable conflict of their war.

Boston however may have rivals in the beauty of her scenery, but certainly she has none in the character of her government. Whether it be that a different language and different manners, by preventing too great familiarity, produce that kind of impression, which is felt in considering the establishments of antiquity, or that I am only following the vagaries of my fancy, I know not, but I have been struck with astonishment, and in despite of my prejudices, even with admiration at some of their civil institutions. You will stare when I tell you, I refer in part to their democracy.....This savage monster, which has soaked up the blood of Frenchmen with the ashes of their dwellings, is here either unconscious of his strength, or so tamed that he will not exert it.

Since the days of Athens, the world has not produced its parallel. The six democratick cantons of Switzerland, as they existed till they were devoured by our infernal revolution, can hardly form an exception; as they were composed of villages of mountaineers, without wealth or commerce, and almost without intercourse with the rest of the world. But here is a large city, with great inequality of wealth, a numerous class of artisans and labourers, and carrying on with prodigious activity, a vast trade with every part of the world; and this city is the most perfect democracy; all their officers are annually chosen by the people, and every question, even their accounts and expenses, are determined upon in the general meetings of the citizens, by the majority of hands; and he who earns a dollar has the same right as he whose income is fifty thousand per annum.

In their annual elections, which are accompanied by every kind of inflammatory address in the newspapers, in handbills, and by active partisans, still in the most perfect quiet and

tranquillity, four or five thousand votes are deposited in the same box between the hours of breakfast and dinner.

In their assemblies which are held in a spacious hall, different questions are discussed, and every man, whatever may be his station, delivers his opinion, if he chooses it, and they are finally decided by the majority with the most perfect order. One individual, without any particular costume, presides, and is called a *moderator*, and even he is selected accidentally at the time. Here are no soldiers or guards of any kind, nor any appearance of authority, discoverable by any variety of civil or military dress. Indeed it is a remark which will apply to the United States generally, and which every foreigner cannot fail to make; I mean the mysterious invisibility of the government. In Europe the strong appearance of power stares you in the face at every corner; here you hunt for it in vain; you see it no where. This total absence of what we have been so accustomed to behold gives every European a vague feeling of insecurity, which is perhaps groundless, and which to an American would seem absurd.

You will naturally presume that such a field would produce an ample crop of eloquent speakers; and if eloquence be shewn by an influence over the opinions and feelings of men, they possess some who have the highest claims. But to an European, there is a dryness and coldness of manner, which is chilling and repulsive. The vivacity of the modern Greeks, and which was probably the character of the ancient ones, is one extreme; and the artificial coldness of the Americans is the other. The debates in the parliament of England, even in the house of peers, are vastly more popular, more warm, and violent in their manner; and I have seen our geometricians and philosophers, your sçavans of the institute who are contemplating the movements of the stars, in discussing the trifling routine of the business of their meetings, in a degree of passion and confusion that would seem vastly comick and unskilful to these people. It is indeed amusing, to hear the Americans talk about the "*phlegmatick Dutch;*" which they have borrowed from the English; yet both in publick speaking and in private conversation, they are, in warmth of manner, and in the use of gesture, beyond comparison more reserved and measured than the Dutch. This remark however applies more particularly to the superiour classes in the two countries, for the spirit and activity of the lower classes here form a complete contrast to the immoveable apathy of a Dutch postillion, boatman, or boor.

I have said the *artificial* coldness of the Americans, particularly the New England people, because it is not natural to them. *We* begin to teach a child, before it is out of the nurse's arms, graceful movements; *they* begin to teach it the control, the annihilation of its passions. An instance of their stoicism

perhaps you will not credit; it still seems incredible to me, though I have often seen it, I mean the practice of their funerals. When an individual dies, all the relations and friends, male and female, young and old, accompany the body to the grave. Sisters follow their brothers, parents their children, a husband his wife. They see the corpse deposited in the grave, while the service is said over it; they hear the sound of the earth falling on the coffin!.....words cannot describe this sound.....it does not enter the ear, it strikes the heart at once! for they begin to cover it immediately from their sight. Parents thus behold a beloved child, perhaps an only one! children see their parents buried before their eyes! And yet these inconceivable trials they are taught to bear; trials unknown, and which would be intolerable by any other civilized nation. This custom is derived from their ancestors, who practised it in different circumstances, and with a different frame of mind; but it ought to be relinquished by their posterity; it may serve to fortify their minds and teach them christian self-denial, but it is too cruel, and too barbarous an expedient.

To return to my subject, you will ask, whether they are satisfied with this dangerous kind of government. The peculiar habits and long customs of this people make it less alarming than it would seem at the first glance. Of those with whom I have conversed, some are more attached to it than they are perhaps willing to allow; others strongly apprehend its natural consequences; others are indifferent to it. Some have remarked to me that no harm would result from it, while the country continued prosperous, and all ranks were eagerly and successfully occupied in the pursuit of gain. Had I been born one of its citizens, I should perhaps have defended it; now, I confess, their security seems to me somewhat analogous to that of the inhabitants on the sides of Etna and Vesuvius.

The whole population of New England, with few exceptions, consists of the unmixed descendants of the Puritans, the most austere and obstinate of all the heretical sects. These were composed of English gentlemen and yeomen, whom the persecution of the Stuarts, or their own intemperate spirit drove to these distant regions. They fled from tyranny and persecution, but, as soon as they landed, founded a singular plan of civil and spiritual government, in both of which they exhibited what they considered, and perhaps justly, a wholesome system of moral despotism and intolerance. Its harsh features have been softened by time and the progress of society; but this, like polishing a block of marble, while it smooths the exterior, only makes the colours and shades appear more lively.

One very remarkable part of their institutions concerned education, the elements of which they have diffused universal-

ly ; but in the higher branches they are greatly inferiour to the scale of Europe. I was witness to a fete, incidental to their school establishment in this city, which struck me with delight.....not such a fete, as the ridiculous apes of republicans, in the execrable French revolution, invented to amuse the populace ; in which theatrical display, and incongruous ceremonies poorly concealed the absence of real and natural interest. You would hardly suppose that there could be any thing picturesque in their simple institutions, and yet the celebration, to which I allude, seemed, though divested of all attempts at parade, or consciousness of its effects, to have been more like one of the lively, animated ceremonies of ancient Greece, than any festival I ever witnessed. Still the inhabitants are so unaware of the effect of these institutions, to which they have been habitually familiar, that many of my acquaintance laughed at me, when I expressed my admiration.

A particular day in the year is assigned for the *visitation of the schools ;* which is conducted by a number of the citizens, chosen for that purpose, and the civil officers of the town. The clergy, the principal officers of the state, and strangers of distinction are invited to accompany them. To go through the whole round, which however is not exacted of the guests, is rather tedious, were it not for the consideration of the interest of the object. After the examination is over, the whole company go to their town hall, where they dine together. A number of the children who have distinguished themselves, decorated with medals, and accompanied by their masters, join the party and have a table laid for them. After dinner a few toasts are given, songs sung, and smoking commenced ; (these people are indefatigable smokers) the children leave their table when they please, and forming themselves in accidental groupes about the hall, into which they are for the first time introduced, either contemplate the company, or talk over their own important projects. This union of infancy and age, of the instructers of youth and the teachers of religion, the municipal officers of the city and the highest officers of the state, blended together without art, or any attempt at stage effect, was to me a most pleasing and affecting subject of contemplation.

As I am not writing a volume, I will only add a word on their manners. I think, in this respect, this town is more interesting to a foreigner than the other cities. Philadelphia, New York, and Baltimore, possess such a mixed population of English, Irish, French and Germans, that to a stranger the state of society appears, with slight modifications, to be the same as that of the middling and lower classes of Europe. Here there are more original traits, and a peculiar cast of character. But it is time to spare you. If you will only talk politicks, execrate the French revolution (you may judge)

neither lose your presence of mind, nor discover any signs of trepidation at well-filled decanters of Madeira, play whist with the old men, and take tea with the ladies, you will be well received in society. There is in general no enmity to strangers, as such, but the most open, unguarded hospitality.

I have beguiled some tedious moments in writing to you this long epistle. Write to me in return about the persons and places, that are ever in my mind; the smiling banks of the Loire, smiling they once were! the chateau of my ancestors, the remnant of my friends! Thee, dear St. E..... *Quando te aspiciam.* Adieu!

PORTUGUEZE LITERATURE.

From the London Quarterly Review.

They who conceive Portugueze to be a corrupt dialect of the Castillian are mistaken. Like the Attick and Ionick branches of the Greek, they are two boughs of equal extent and beauty, proceeding from one trunk. It was said by a man of genius that Spanish is just such a language as he should have expected to hear spoken by a Roman slave, sulky from the bastinado. The natives of Portugal, in a more complimentary similitude, love to speak of their language as the eldest daughter of the Latin: this daughter of Rome has been the servant of the Goths and of the Moors; still however the mother tongue predominates more in Portugal than in any other part of the world. The Portugueze has about the same proportion of Arabick as the Castillian, but it has escaped all guttural sounds: how these have been introduced into the Castillian, would form a curious inquiry, for they certainly did not exist in the first age of Spanish literature. The longer and more intimate connexion between the Castillians and Moors, is a cause more obvious than satisfactory; for though the Portugueze cleared their country of the Moors at an early period, yet their after intercourse with them in Africa and in the East was very extensive, and they enriched their vocabulary without injuring the euphony of their speech. There is nothing in their language which is in the slightest degree unpleasant to an English ear, except a nasal sound less strongly marked, and far less disagreeable, than that which so frequently recurs in French.

Antonio das Neves Pereira divides the history of Portugueze literature into three ages; the first comprises four centuries, from the foundation of the monarchy to the reign of Affonso V.; the second comes down to the fall of Sebastian, and the third continues from thence to the present day. The first of these divisions is objectionable; it is as if we were to say the

first period of English literature consists of the time anterior to Chaucer, and the second began with him and ended with the Elizabethan age; an arrangement which makes the latter too full, and leaves little or nothing for the former. It is true, that the first period would include Amadis of Gaul; but the original of that matchless romance was never printed, and the only manuscript then known to exist was in the Duke de Aveiro's library, which was destroyed by fire after the great earthquake at Lisbon. This having perished, there remains nothing anterior to the fifteenth century, except a few documents for history and a few verses. The poems of King Diniz are said to be still preserved; but though the Portugueze archives were well kept of late years, they had been long neglected. At Lisbon it was believed that these poems were at Thomar, and at Thomar we were referred for them back again to Lisbon.

The earliest accessible poems in the language are those which are contained in the Cancioneiro of Resende; a large collection written chiefly by persons about the courts of Affonso V. and his son, but comprising a few of earlier date, and some which were written by King Pedro, famous for his unfortunate amours with Ines de Castro. There is a singular anecdote concerning this volume; the first treaty between the King of Pegu and any European power was sworn upon the Cancioneiro instead of the Bible, or Breviary: the Breviary which was on board the ambassador's ship was old and greasy; he happened to have a copy of the Cancioneiro, then newly published, and this, because it was well bound and of respectable size and appearance, he made the chaplain produce with all due formalities, that the heathen might not judge meanly of the respect they paid to religion. The chief kaulin, or kahan, having read aloud a portion of one of the books of his law, Joam Correa, the ambassadour, did the same; he opened upon a paraphrase of Solomon's text, Vanity of vanities, all is vanity; this accident brought with it a religious feeling, and he protested, on his return home, that he had sworn as devoutly, and considered his oath to be as binding, as if it had been taken upon the Gospels. This book is one of the rarest in the language. Many passages have been carefully obliterated by the Inquisition, but their ink is luckily less durable than that of the printer, and heretical eyes may often succeed in making out the parts to which they are thus invited. Some of these merely exhibit the grossness of the times; others exemplify a sort of profaneness which is more characteristick and more curious, and which certainly did not originate in any want of devotion. There is a remarkable instance in a poem addressed to Queen Isabel of Castille; it is written upon the conceit that had she been living in the days of the Virgin Mary, Christ would have chosen her in preference to be his mother. The volume contains nothing narrative, it consists of satirical verses,

complimentary odes, love poems, lamentations, &c. So much is to be gleaned from it respecting what may be called the domestick and intellectual history of its age, that its re-publication would be one of the greatest benefits which could be conferred upon the literature of Portugal. There is a copy in the king's library: it is the rarest of a very rare and valuable collection presented to him some years ago by the Portugueze ambassador.

The poetry of every country is elder than its prose, and having therefore begun with it, it will be convenient to continue the subject in one unbroken sketch. The popular ballads of the Portugueze have perished. Brito had seen a large collection of them, belonging to the Marquis de Marialva, about the middle of the sixteenth century; but it fell into bad hands, and a single fragment which he recollected, and which has lately been published in the notes to the Chronicle of the Cid, is probably all that has been preserved of this important manuscript. Whether a Scott or a Finlay, if Portugal were to produce such antiquaries, could yet recover any considerable remains of this kind, is very doubtful. The Spaniards abound with these poems; by far the greater number relate to their wars with the Moors. These are almost wholly of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, and at that time, which is the age of ballad poetry in Spain, the Portugueze had so long been rid of the Moors, that the peasantry thought no more of them as connected with their own country, than we do of the Picts or Danes. To this subject therefore they had no inducement; the heroes whom they would naturally celebrate would be those who had distinguished themselves in their wars against the Castillians....wars which were yet fresh in remembrance.....but this was a theme not to be touched upon by the poets of a country which was then subject to Castille. These historical circumstances explain why no ballads were produced in Portugal at a time when they were the favourite species of composition in Spain; and what pieces of greater antiquity existed, have probably been weeded out of remembrance by the persevering warfare which bigotry has carried on against popular songs. There is another circumstance which must have contributed to their destruction. The Portugueze like the Italian is overrun with rhymes, and languages which abound with rhymes always abound with rhymers; hence the improvisatore has supplanted the ballad singer,..... a miserable exchange by which much has been lost, and nothing gained in its stead.

The Spaniards acknowledge that they received the earliest fashion of their poetry from Galicia and Portugal; the present fashion of both countries is of Italian origin. Navagero the Venetian occasioned this revolution in their literature: During his embassy in Spain he persuaded Boscan to use the Italian

modes of poetry in preference to the vernacular forms, and from that time the octave stanza became their heroic, the trinal rhyme their moral or satirical measure, and sonnets swarmed as they have done in Italy. Boscan's example was followed in Portugal by Francisco de Sa de Miranda. Of this author, who was born in 1495, on the day of king Emanuel's accession, there are some interesting anecdotes recorded. A passage in one of his eclogues had given offence to a lady of high rank and influence; he would not explain away its meaning, and it was in vain to hope for preferment at court while her displeasure continued; he therefore contentedly retired to his paternal estate, and began a treaty of marriage with D. Briolanja de Azevedo, whom it appears he had never seen, and who had neither youth nor beauty to recommend her. Her brothers, with whom the negociation was carried on, were so sensible of this, that they would not let the settlement be concluded till he had seen her, and when the interview took place, Sa de Miranda addressed her in an odd manner for such an occasion, saying, *castigayme Senhora con esse bordam porque oim tam tarde*,.....punish me lady with this staff for having come so late. But he had chosen well; she was an excellent wife, mother, and mistress: her virtues were remembered with reverence in the neighbourhood for more than half a century after her decease, and Sa de Miranda never recovered her loss. He survived her three years in a state of melancholy little short of derangement; for from the hour in which she expired he never trimmed his beard nor pared his nails, never answered a letter, never went out of his house except to church, and never composed any thing except a sonnet upon her death.

In some respects Sa de Miranda may be considered as the Surry of Portuguese poetry, but he had no predecessor greater than himself, he took more liberties with the language, and produced a more lasting effect upon it. He contributed to latinize it by introducing the regular superlative, and it is a curious proof of the unsettled state of the language at that time, and of the power of the poets, that such an innovation should have succeeded. His merit as an improver of his native tongue, none but the Portuguese can rightly appreciate, and they estimate it very highly. It is said of him by Francisco Dias, (a man whose melancholy history will hereafter be mentioned) that he found it confused, lawless, and meagre, that he reclaimed it from its savage state, tamed it to the infinite combinations of harmony, and fixed its pronunciation. Such is the sententious morality of his poems, that they were quoted from the pulpit. He never kindles the reader, never dazzles, never agitates him; but he enlightens, he enlivens, he pleases. He is never an ambitious writer, yet Francisco Dias does not characterize him truly when he states that it was always his en-

deavour to express his conceptions in the readiest language,.... that the spirit of his thoughts embodied itself in the first shape which was presented,.....that it was indifferent to him whether he poured his wine into a golden goblet or an earthen cruse, the value was in the contents not in the vessel, though the vessel was always well proportioned and pure. There is certainly no affectation of ornament in his writings, but they were laboriously written, and painfully corrected. He says himself in one of his sonnets, addressed to a contemporary poet, that like a she bear with her ill shaped cubs, he had never done licking his verses.....

'Os meus se nunca acabo de os lambar,
Como ussa aos filhos mal proporcionadas.'

The manuscript of his poems was every where interlined, and many of the alterations were marked with a query, so that it could not be known which reading he meant to prefer. When his grand daughter married D. Fernando Cores Sotomayor, a Galician hidalgo, this manuscript, which was in the author's hand writing, was valued at a high price, and accepted by Sotomayor as a part of his wife's portion ;.....an honourable proof of his love of literature, and of the estimation in which the poet was held.

Sa de Miranda was followed by Antonio Ferreira ; he imitated him in the sonnet, the elegy, and the Horatian epistle, and introduced the epigram, ode, and epithalamium. He aimed also at higher things. The Sofonisba of Trissino was the first regular tragedy of modern times, the Ines de Castro of Ferreira the second ; Ferreira is said also to have been the first person who imitated the *verso sciolto* of Trissino ; some of his chorusses are in Sapphics. He improved upon his master : his language is more polished, and more flowing, and enriched with more of the graces of composition. Horace was his favourite poet ; from this the bent and character of his mind may be understood,.....but it was Horace in his sententious mood. He aimed at being useful by giving direct precepts, and of all the poets of his country he has the fewest conceits.

If these writers, who are considered as the fathers of Portugueze poetry, are utterly unworthy to be compared with Dante and Chaucer, let it be remembered that Dante still remains unrivalled and unapproached among the Italians, and that except Shakespeare and Milton, (who are above all other men, as well the ancients as the moderns,) England has produced no poet of greater powers than Chaucer. It was no trifling merit in Sa de Miranda and Ferreira to write in their mother tongue, for Latin was then the epistolary and colloquial language of the learned, and in the vernacular dialects there were no conventional phrases of poetry, no beaten track which the imitator

might tread. Pedro de Andrade Caminha was the friend of these poets, but his own pieces have the rust of ruder times, with a few spots of polish where he has rubbed against his companions. They were first printed by the Portugueze academy in 1791. Francisco Dias passes upon them a heavy censure; in his opinion Pedro de Andrade struck the lyre with frost-bitten fingers,.....every thing is cold, unimpassioned and unimpressive,.....his epigrams are his only good productions; he was a workman in steel who could do nothing but point needles. To say how far this censure is overcharged would require a minuter knowledge of the language than any person who has not been bred up in the country can possibly possess. To an Englishman it is not perceivable that Pedro de Andrade is a worse poet than his friends, nor that one of them is better than another. They rendered essential service to the language of their country, and upon this their claims to remembrance must rest.

Diogo Bernardes, who co-operated with these writers, has merits of a higher order. D. Francisco Manoel says of him that he is a poet of the Land of Promise, all butter and honey. Francisco Manoel was writing satire when he said this; had he been writing seriously he would have said that the style of Bernardes is sweet and mellifluous. Many of his poems might be read with pleasure in an English version. One of his countryman has censured him for producing the most monstrous extravagancies by the side of the greatest beauties, like the English *Schakespeer !*.....Bernardes accompanied Sebastian in the fatal expedition to Africa. Before they set out he wrote a sonnet prophesying victory, and affirming that when such a king went forth with Christ crucified upon his banners, Africa must inevitably be subdued;.....on the very next page to this unfortunate prophecy, the elegies begin which the author wrote, 'being a slave in Barbary,' and in these Bernardes laments over the folly of Sebastian as well as his misfortunes, and thinks of the account which that king has to render for such a waste of innocent blood!

(To be continued.)

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

A HINT,

RESPECTFULLY OFFERED TO THE CONSIDERATION OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND OF THE PUBLICK.

It has long been the wish of many who are interested in the researches of the Historical Society, that some plan should soon be adopted to increase their funds, and to bring into more

publick notice their design and their objects of inquiry. We can think of no method, by which this would, more probably, be effected, than by an annual discourse in Boston, on the anniversary of the landing of our forefathers; an anniversary which has been long celebrated in this honourable manner at Plymouth, but in Boston only by the less respectable, though more expensive tribute of a publick dinner.

If the experiment of an anniversary discourse were made, we are confident of its success, and, if unsuccessful, it would be easy to drop it. Different subjects of inquiry, relating to our early history, might be assigned to the different men of learning, of which that society is composed, to be treated in the manner, of which Dr. Belknap has already given a valuable specimen in his introductory discourse. If the subjects of discussion were previously announced or assigned, and sufficient time given for the writer to prepare to treat them with accuracy and learning, we are confident, that every man of learning, invited to this office, would labour to produce something, which the American publick would not easily suffer to perish. In this way too, the curiosity of a large audience would be excited, and considerable contributions raised for the funds of the society, which almost every one knows, have long remained most disgracefully low.

We do not presume to suggest to the society, any topicks proper for this kind of discussion; but we throw out these hints to excite the attention of the gentlemen who compose the society, and from a sincere desire to promote its valuable objects. Surely, when every society for religious or charitable purposes is obliged to hear an annual discourse, which is hardly remembered beyond the day when it is delivered, the society most deserving of encouragement among us, for its exertions and its literary eminence, ought to have something, which might, at the same time, awaken the publick attention, and add to the literary treasures of New England; for however short or popular the discourse itself might be, the author would have an opportunity of enriching it with inquiries, discussions, and notes, in the form of an appendix; and if the whole were too learned to meet with an immediate sale, might make a portion of the historical collection.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

TRANSLATIONS.

ANACREON'S ODES.

ON HIS LYRE.

Fain would I touch the tuneful string,
Of Atreus' sons, or Cadmus sing;
But still, howe'er the cords I move,
My lyre emits no sound but love.

New strings of late with care supplied,
The toils of Hercules I tried;
Chang'd my whole lyre; in vain I strove:
My lyre emits no sound but love.

Heroes; farewell, for deeds renown'd!
Your deathless fame no more I sound;
My passions still to Cupid rove;
My lyre emits no sound but love.

ON HIMSELF.

I'm oft accosted by the fair,
"Anacreon, how old you are!
Do in your looking glass survey,
How time has pluck'd your hair away!"
But whether free my head from hair
Or not, I neither know nor care.
One thing I know, one care I feel,
As pilfering years upon me steal:
With wine and mirth, and song elate,
I'll fearless meet the bolts of fate.

ON AN OLD MAN.

I love a cheerful old man,
I love a dancing youth;
But when an old man dances,
I feel this joyful truth,
Though age upon his hair has flung
Its snows, his heart and soul are young.

To those who have admired the singular poems of Lewis, Walter Scott, and others, under the whimsical titles of "The Cloud-King," "The Fire-King," &c. the following burlesque ballad may afford some amusement.

THE PAINT-KING.

FAIR Ellen was once the delight of the young;
No damsel could with her compare;
Her charms were the theme of the heart and the tongue,
And bards without number in extacies sung
The beauty of Ellen, the Fair.

But Ellen, though lovers in regiments threw
The darts of their eyes at her heart,
From sorrow no pitying sympathy knew;
For, cold as an icicle-shower, they drew
Not a drop from that petrified part.

Yet still did the heart of fair Ellen implore
A something that could not be found;
Like a sailor it seem'd on a desolate shore,
With nor house, nor a tree, nor a sound, but the roar
Of breakers high-dashing around.

From object to object, still, still would she stray,
Yet nothing, alas! could she find;
Through Novelty's mazes she rambled all day,
And even at midnight, so restless, they say,
In sleep would run after the wind.

Nay, rather than sit like a statue so still,
When the rain made her mansion a pound,
Up and down would she go, like the sails of a mill,
And pat every stair, like a wood-pecker's bill,
From the tiles of the roof to the ground.

One morn, as the maid from her casement reclin'd,
Pass'd a youth, with a frame in his hand.
The casement she clos'd; not the eye of her mind;
For do all she could, no, she could not be blind;
Still before her she saw the youth stand.

"And what can he do," said the maid with a sigh,
"Ah! what with that frame can he do!
I wish I could know it:" When suddenly by
The youth pass'd again; and again did her eye
The frame, and a sweet picture view.

"Oh! sweet, lovely picture!" the fair Ellen sigh'd,
"I must see thee again or I die;"
Then under her white chin her bonnet she tied,
And after the youth, and the picture she hied,
Till the youth, looking back, met her eye.

"Fair damsel," said he, (and he chuckled the while),
"This picture, I see, you admire;
Then take it, I beg you, perhaps 'twill beguile
Some moments of sorrow: (pray pardon my smile)
Or, at least, keep you home by the fire."

Then Ellen the gift, with delight and surprise,
From the cunning young stripling receiv'd.
But she knew not the poison that enter'd her eyes,
When beaming with rapture, they gaz'd on her prize:
Yet thus was fair Ellen deceiv'd!

'Twas a youth, o'er the form of a statue inclin'd;
And the sculptor he seem'd of the stone;
Yet he languish'd, as though for its beauty he pin'd,
And gaz'd, as the eyes of the statue so blind
Reflected the beams of his own.

'Twas the tale of the sculptor, Pygmalion of old;
Fair Ellen remember'd and sigh'd,
"Ah! could'st thou but lift from that marble so cold,
Thine eyes so enchanting, thy arms should enfold,
And press me this day as thy bride."

She said: when, behold, from the canvass arose
The youth....and he stepp'd from the frame;
With a furious joy, his arms did enclose
The love-plighted Ellen; and, clasping, he froze
The blood of the maid with his flame!

She turn'd, and beheld on each shoulder a wing.
"Oh! heaven!" cried she, "who art thou?"
From the roof to the ground did his fierce answer ring,
When frowning, he thunder'd, "I am the Paint-King!
And mine, lovely maid, thou art now!"

Then high from the ground did the grim monster lift
The loud-screaming maid, like a blast;
And he sped through the air, like a meteor swift,
While the clouds, wand'ring by him, did fearfully drift
To the right and the left as he pass'd.

Now, suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,
With an eddying whirl he descends;
The air all below him becomes black as night,
And the ground where he treads, as if mov'd with affright,
Like the surge of the Caspian bends.

"I am here!" said the fiend, and he thundering knock'd
At the gates of a mountainous cave:
The gates open'd wide, as by magick unlock'd,
While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and fro, rock'd,
Like an island of ice on the wave.

"Oh! mercy!" cried Ellen, and swoon'd in his arms.
But the Paint-King, he scoff'd at her pain.
"Prithee, love," said the monster, "what mean these alarms?"
She hears not, she sees not the terrible charms
That wake her to horrour again.

She opens her lids; but no longer her eyes
Behold the fair youth she would woo:
Now appears the Paint-King in his natural guise;
His face, like a palette of villainous dies,
Black and white, red and yellow, and blue.

On a bright polish'd throne, of *prismatical spar,
Sat the mosaick fiend like a clod;
While he rear'd in his mouth a gigantick cigarr
Twice as big as the light-house, though seen from afar,
On the coast of the stormy Cape-Cod.

And anon, as he puff'd the vast volumes, were seen,
In horrid festoons on the wall,
Legs and arms, heads and bodies, emerging between;
Like the drawing-room grim of the Scotch Sawney Beane,
By the Devil dress'd out for a ball.

"Ah me!" cried the damsel, and fell at his feet,
"Must I hang on these walls to be dried?"
"Oh, no!" said the fiend, while he sprung from his seat,
"A far nobler fortune thy person shall meet;
Into paint will I grind thee, my bride!"

Then, seizing the maid by her dark auburn hair,
An oil-jug he plung'd her within.
Seven days, seven nights, with the shrieks of despair
Did Ellen in torment convulse the dun air,
All cover'd with oil to the chin.

On the morn of the eighth on a huge sable stone
Then Ellen, all reeking, he laid;
With a rock for his muller, he crush'd every bone;
But though ground to jelly, still, still did she groan;
For life had forsook not the maid.

Now reaching his palette, with masterly care,
Each tint on its surface he spread;
The blue of her eyes, and the brown of her hair,
The pearl and the white of her forehead so fair,
And her lips' and her cheeks' rosy red.

* This being a *free country*, I have taken the liberty, for the sake of the metre, to alter the word prismatick, as above!

Then stamping his foot, did the monster exclaim,
"Now I brave, cruel Fairy, thy scorn!"
When lo! from a chasm unfathom'd there came
A small tiny chariot of rose-colour'd flame,
By a team of ten glowworms upborne.

Enthron'd in the midst on an emerald bright,
Fair Geraldine sat without peer;
Her robe was the gleam of the first blush of light,
And her mantle the fleece of a noon-cloud white,
And a beam of the moon was her spear.

In a voice that stole on the still charmed air,
Like the first gentle accent of Eve,
Thus spake from her chariot the Fairy so fair:
"I come at thy call.....but, oh Paint-King! beware,
Beware if again you deceive."

"'Tis true," said the monster, "thou queen of my heart!
Thy portrait I oft have essay'd;
Yet ne'er to the canvass could I with my art
The least of thy wonderful beauties impart:
And my failure with scorn you repaid.

"Now I swear, by the light of the Comet-King's tail!"
And he tower'd with pride as he spoke,
"If again with these magical colours I fail,
The crater of Etna shall hence be my jail,
And my food shall be sulphur and smoke."

"But if I succeed, then, oh! fair Geraldine!
Thy promise with rapture, I claim,
And thou, queen of Fairies, shalt ever be mine,
The bride of my bed; and thy portrait divine
Shall fill all the earth with my fame."

He spake; when, behold the fair Geraldine's form
On the canvass enchantingly glow'd;
His touches, they flew like the leaves in a storm;
And the pure, pearly white, and the carnation warm,
Contending in harmony, flow'd.

And now did the portrait a twin-sister seem
To the figure of Geraldine fair:
With the same sweet expression did faithfully teem
Each muscle, each feature; in short, not a gleam
Was lost of her beautiful hair.

'Twas the Fairy herself! but, alas! her blue eyes
Still a pupil did ruefully lack;
And who shall describe the terrifick surprise
That seiz'd the Paint-King, when, behold, he descries
Not a speck on his palette of black!

"I am lost!" said the fiend, and he shook like a leaf;
When, casting his eyes to the ground,
He saw the lost pupils of Ellen with grief
In the jaws of a mouse, and the sly little thief
Whisk away from his sight with a bound.

"I am lost!" said the fiend, and he fell like a stone:
Then rising the Fairy in ire,
With a touch of her finger she loosen'd her zone,
(While the limbs on the wall gave a terrible groan!)
And she swell'd to a column of fire.

Her spear now a thunder-bolt flash'd in the air,
And sulphur the vault fill'd around:
She smote the grim monster; and now by the hair
High lifting, she hurl'd him in speechless despair
Down the depths of the chasm profound.

Then waving, with smiles, o'er the picture her spear,
"Come forth!" said the good Geraldine;
When, behold, from the canvass fair Ellen appear!
In feature, in person more lovely than e'er,
With grace more than ever divine!

.....An me ludit amabilis
Insania? *Hor.*

TO .....

STAY, stay, sweet vision, do not leave me,
Soft sleep, still o'er my senses reign;
Stay, loveliest phantom, still deceive me,
Ah! let me dream that dream again.

Thy head was on my shoulder leaning,
Thy hand in mine was gently press'd;
Thine eyes so soft, so full of meaning,
Were bent on me, and I was bless'd.

No word was spoken, all was feeling,
The silent transport of the heart:
The tear, that o'er my cheek was stealing,
Told, what words could ne'er impart.

And could this be but mere delusion?
Could fancy all so real seem?
Sure fancy's scenes are wild confusion;
And can it be I did but dream?

I'm sure I felt thy forehead pressing,
Thy very breath stole o'er my cheek;
I'm sure I saw those eyes confessing
What the tongue could never speak.

Ah! no! 'tis gone, 'tis gone, and never
Mine such waking bliss can be:
Oh! I would sleep, would sleep for ever,
Could I thus but dream of thee.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

DECEMBER, 1809.

Librum tuum legi et quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quae commutanda, quae eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ART. 17.

The Old Covenant, commonly called the Old Testament ; translated from the Septuagint. By Charles Thomson, late Secretary to the Congress of the United States. 3 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia, Printed by Jane Aitken, No. 71, North Third Street. 1808. 4th vol. contains the N. T.

THE name of Charles Thomson is familiar to every American reader, as the Secretary of Congress during the Revolution. It now presents itself in the title page of a translation of the scriptures ; where, though it does not carry the same kind of authority as at the foot of an official document, yet it excites no little interest among those, who know that the present work is the fruit of more than twenty years labour of this venerable old man. As we have no notices of the author's life, and as the work is ushered into the world without even an advertisement or a note, we are compelled to examine it without those preliminary aids, which are almost indispensable to the forming of a correct estimate of its peculiar character and value.

The first question in the mind of an unlearned reader, upon hearing of this translation would be, what is the Septuagint, which is now presented to us in an English dress ? We shall first attempt to answer this question, that we may prepare ourselves and our readers for the examination of the work.

The Septuagint is the most ancient Greek version of the Hebrew scriptures. It received and has absurdly retained this name, from the Jewish fable which has been too currently believed respecting its origin. We are told by Aristeas, Josephus, and Philo, that Ptolemy Philadelphus wishing to enrich the library at Alexandria with an edition of the laws of Moses, which he could not read in the original, procured *seventy* or

seventy two Jewish elders to come and reside in Egypt, and execute the translation. While they were performing their task, they were shut up in separate cells in the island of Pharos; and when they had finished it, they were found to have miraculously produced each the same version *verbatim & literatim*. The christians, who have always been the dupes of Rabbinical fables, believed this Jewish fiction, and for many ages considered the version thus made as inspired, and not less authentick than the Hebrew original. Jerom gave great offence by first calling it in question. If it needs confutation in the minds of any of our readers, they will find it sufficiently exposed in Hody, Prideaux, and many modern authors.....All that can be regarded as certainly known, or rather as very highly probable respecting the Greek version, is, that it is the work of different translators, and at different times. This is incontestably evident from the great diversity of style, different degrees of accuracy, and various modes of translating the same words, which are discoverable in the different books. It is also generally agreed, that of these, the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses, was translated with great care in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about two hundred and eighty years before Christ; probably for the use of the Hellenist Jews; and by Alexandrians, assisted, perhaps, by some Jews from Palestine. The *other books* were all translated between that period and the birth of Christ; but where, by whom, or at what particular æra we can form in general only vague conjectures. The most probable supposition is, that they were translated in consequence of a prohibition of Antiochus Epiphanes to read the *Law* in the synagogues.

However this may be, the Greek version was certainly of very great authority with the Hellenist Jews; and it was even read in their synagogues instead of the Hebrew, which they did not understand, till the early christians in their controversies, employed it advantageously against the Jews themselves; proving from it by the most irrefragable arguments, that their expected Messiah must have already come in the person of Jesus Christ. From this time the Jews began to depreciate it; to appeal to the original; and even to make alterations in this version; a charge which is strongly maintained by Dr. Owen in his "Brief Enquiry," and "Modes of Quotation." From whatever cause their aversion originated, the fact is certain, that before the end of the first century, the Septuagint version was cried down by every Jewish writer, and expelled from every synagogue. To supply its place, they procured other versions to be made by the Jews, Aquila and Theodotion. The former of these, of which only a few fragments have been preserved, was extremely literal. The latter, which was less literal, was so well received, that in the whole book of Daniel it has been preferred to the Septuagint, and is still found

in our Greek bibles.....At the beginning of the *third* century appeared the more elegant version of Symmachus. If we may believe Eusebius, from a Samaritan he had become a Jew, and from a Jew an Ebionite : this was a sect sometimes reckoned among Jews and sometimes among Christians. In their communion and for their use he composed his version. It has been deservedly praised by christian writers ; and no good reason can be assigned for its not having been more generally adopted, but that the author belonged to a sect, which was equally hateful both to Jews and Christians.

Besides these Greek versions of the Old Testament, three others are mentioned by the ancient fathers, called the *fifth*, *sixth*, and *seventh*, of which, however, little is known. All the versions we have mentioned, were collected by Origen, and placed, together with the Hebrew text, in his famous Hexapla. The Septuagint, however, as it was called, preserved a standard authority among the christians ; while we have remaining a few fragments only of the other versions. The Septuagint version, which, as we before hinted, had been considerably corrupted, Origen undertook to restore in his great work. The authority of this great man soon made every one, who was possessed of a Greek bible, revise his own copy in manuscript, by the Hexaplar standard. From this, incredible confusion ensued in the copies of the Septuagint; and as, most unfortunately, a copy of the Hexapla has not come down to us, it is impossible to discover, at the present day, what was the text as edited by Origen. There were afterwards other editions of this text, bearing the names of Lucian, Hesychius, &c.; but from what edition the particular manuscripts now extant are derived, and what manuscript differs *least* from the old version, it will also be impossible to determine, till the existing MSS. be collated and compared. This great *desideratum* in sacred philology was in a fair way of being obtained, till the death of the late Dr. Holmes interrupted the progress of the collations, and of the publication of the splendid edition, which he had undertaken. We have reason to hope, however, that this grand design will not ultimately fail. Surely it cannot in a nation, which has already derived so much honour from the labours of Kennicott. In the mean time we must make the best use we can of the common printed editions.

Of the Greek version then, there are four different edited exemplars; the Complutensian, the Venetian, the Roman, and the Oxford. The two former are hardly to be found in this country ; and are not, perhaps, to be entirely depended on as faithful copies of any known manuscripts. (See the preface to Breitinger's edit.) The *Roman* edition of 1587, is principally taken from the famous Vatican Manuscript at Rome ; and is in the opinion of many, the most genuine copy of the old Greek version, that has yet been published. Dr. Holmes adopted it

for the text with reference to which all his collations were to be made. The editions of the Septuagint, in most common use in this country, such as the London (Daniel's) 1653, the Cambridge, &c. profess to be taken from the Roman exemplar, but according to Walton, are spurious and grossly interpolated. (Vid. Walton Proleg. and Bos. Pref.) Grabe's, or the Oxford edition, the last we enumerated, is printed very correctly from the Alexandrine manuscript, in the British Museum. Whether it be more valuable than the Roman, is not settled; all that can now be said is, that it is taken from a MS. which has been supposed to be of equal authority with the Vatican.

From this view of the present state of the Septuagint text, our readers will find no difficulty in answering a question which, we doubt not, has at some time occurred to the mind of the reader; why has there not been before this, some translation of the Septuagint into English? Let any one attempt to read a chapter of the prophets in the Greek, and he will be at no loss for an answer; or let him set down to compare the various texts of the different editions we have mentioned, and the various renderings of the other translators, and he will see how unsettled is the text of the Septuagint. The truth is, that such is the state of this version in many places, that no one but a consummate critick would be able to form a just text, and make many passages of it intelligible in English, without better aids than those we have at present. Whether the American translator has these qualifications, we do not undertake to decide; we can only say, that it would be very unreasonable to expect them; though we should have been extremely glad to have had some specimen of our author's preliminary studies.

The want of all preface, advertisement, prolegomena and notes, has made our task of examination much more difficult in the present case, than it would have been, if the venerable author had not chosen to send his work abroad in a state of such absolute nudity. We first undertook to ascertain what text Mr. Thomson had adopted; for he has not given us even a hint, that he was aware of the differences of editions. We soon found, that he had made use of the Vatican, or Roman text; without deriving any aid, at least so far as we have discovered, from the various readings of the Alexandrine, or of any other edition accessible in this country. In the present state of the Septuagint text, we do not absolutely censure this; though we think the reader might have been informed of his choice of the edition from which he had translated.

We next attempted to ascertain, if possible, what *copy* of the Vatican text, Mr. Thomson had generally used; and we found, to our mortification, or thought we found, that he had before him the London edition of 1653, commonly called, Daniel's Septuagint; an edition, which is well known to be a very incorrect copy of the Roman exemplar, and, notwithstanding its pro-

lessi on, in the title page, is grossly spurious and interpolated. In consequence of this unfortunate choice, our translator has followed the London edition where it has, by mistake, omitted clauses, and words of some importance; vide Gen. 47 24. Exod. 39. 1. Levit. 25. 1. &c. and he has even made some curious difficulties, in consequence of not being aware of the typographical errours of his book Thus Deut. xxvii. 15. there is a printer's errour of θησῃ for θησει, which has led Mr. Thomson into the trouble of rendering and pointing the verse, without any authority, thus: "Cursed be the man, who shall make a graven or a molten image, an abomination to the Lord, the work of the hands of artists; *though he set it up* in a secret place;" whereas the verse as it stands in our bibles, is perfectly conformable to the Hebrew, and also to the Greek, when the erratum is corrected. In Daniel's Septuagint, Job. xxxi. 12. there are two typographical errours; of ἀδ'αν for ἀ δ'αν, and of απελθῃ for επελθῃ, which, to be sure, make nonsense of the whole clause. But Mr. Thomson has endeavoured to make something of it, by translating απερχομαι to *go out*, as applied to fire, and thus has produced the following clause; "which will not go out till it hath utterly consumed;" whereas, when the errours are corrected, the meaning is, "whatever it attacks it destroys to the root."—Ezech. xvii. 16. In this verse there is in the London edition, 1653, a misprint of αυτοις for αυτης, in the clause τω επιφανειτθαι αυτην τα κλημαται αυτης [αυτοις, Dan.] επ'αυτο. The Greek is, at best, barbarous; but in consequence of this errour, Mr. Thomson has given the following rendering, which is, to be sure, sufficiently absurd. "And it sprang up, and became a vine weak and small, *so that its branches could be seen only by them near it.*" αυτοις επ'αυτο!

These circumstances, however, do not essentially affect the merit of the version; it may still be a good rendering of the London edition as it stands. In the next number, we shall give a specimen of the work.

ART. 19.

Works of Fisher Ames, compiled by a number of his friends, to which are prefixed notices of his life and character. Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit. Boston, T. B. Wait and Co. 1809. 8vo. 519 pages.

(Continued from page 337.)

ALTHOUGH the obligations, resulting from the freedom of our constitutions of civil government, and the independence, zeal and activity in support of them, incumbent upon the citizen, in proportion to that freedom, were the choice themes of the thought of Mr. Ames, and the cherished topicks of his pen, yet the elucidation of general truth was rather the result,

than the object of his labours. In all his writings he obviously aspires, chiefly, at present utility. Vanity, ostentation, display of skill, or attainment of honours, which allure so many combatants into the political amphitheatre, were not the motives, nor could have been the reward of his exertions. His perception of the critical circumstances, in which both the internal and external relations of our country were involved, and his deep anxiety for its future fates, filled the patriot's bosom, and roused into activity all the energies of his mind. The opinions concerning these relations which he entertained, and the course of conduct he recommended in respect to them are prominent parts of this volume, and cannot be passed unnoticed in that general survey of his principles and objects which we have undertaken.

So long as the administration of the federal government remained in the hands of the men, whose influence had first established it, and who conducted it in conformity to the impulse originally given to it by Washington and his associates, all the reasoning of Mr. Ames was directed to explain and enforce the supremacy of the constitution and the wisdom of the laws, framed under its sanction. The ardour of his mind exhausted itself in defence of the administration of that first of men and of patriots. All its energies were exerted to unite publick opinion with the government, as its essential auxiliary. He had early discerned the causes of that general distress, which preceded the adoption of the federal constitution, and expressed his opinion concerning the principles by which government ought to be conducted, and the ends at which it should aim. In an essay, (p. 18, 19.) originally published in 1786, to be admired both for the purity and the elevation of its sentiments, he sketches the following noble outline.

"Experience has demonstrated that new maxims of administration are indispensable. It is not, however, by sixpenny retrenchments of salaries; nor by levying war against any profession of men; nor by giving substance and existence to the frothy essences and fantastick forms of speculation; nor is it by paper money, or an abolition of debts; nor by implicit submission to the insolence of beggarly conventions; nor by the temporary expedients of little minds, that authority can be rendered stable, and the people prosperous. A well digested, liberal, permanent system of policy is required; and, when adopted, must be supported, in spite of faction, against every thing but amendment."

"There is in nature, and there must be in the administration of government, a fixed rule and standard of political conduct, and that is, the greatest permanent happiness of the greatest number of the people. If we substitute for these maxims the wild projects, which fascinate the multitude in daily succession, we may amuse ourselves with extolling the nice proportions and splendid architecture of our republican fabrick. But it will be no better than a magnificent temple of ice, which the first south wind of sedition will demolish.

"Anarchy and government are both before us, and in our choice. If we fall, we fall by our folly, not our fate. And we shall evince to the astonished world, of how small influence to produce national happiness are

the fairest gifts of heaven, a healthful climate, a fruitful soil, and inestimable laws, when they are conferred upon a frivolous, perverse, and ungrateful generation."

In strict conformity with this generous plan of policy, the fruit of his early meditations, his labours were devoted to support in the two first administrations that "stable system of policy," which "aloof to temporary expedients," sought only "the greatest permanent happiness of the greatest number of people." The basis of this system was laid on the principles of the constitution. To maintain, strengthen and illustrate these was the object of his researches. For this purpose he set himself to watch the passions and the influences, which are naturally hostile to that firmness, integrity and ability, by which it was his study, and that of those administrations to conduct the federal government. The consequent tendency of his writings, during that period, is to counteract the natural jealousy of power; to shew the necessity of particular exercises of it; to enforce the obligations of justice; to protect our property from the avarice and envy of rapacious individuals, and our union from the ambition and injustice of its aspiring members; to prevent criminal compliances for the sake of what is called popularity; and to instil a patriotick preference for our laws and national character. He was deeply sensible of the dangers of liberty, but he did not despair of maintaining it. He knew the sacrifices it required, yet he rejoiced in its continuance, and cherished its principles as the choicest hope of his country.

"It is, indeed, exceedingly obvious, that many, if not most persons have chosen the state of the highest liberty, without having counted how much it must cost to preserve it. The calumnies vented against president Adams's book, are signal proofs of the crude and indocile state of popular opinion amongst us. He has ingeniously described evils, and faithfully and wisely pointed out their remedies; yet he is accused of being no friend to republicks, because he well understands their nature, and seriously dreads their dangers. The very factions who create and aggravate those dangers, and who neither understand nor desire those remedies, honour their own ignorance with the name of principle, and claim for their licentiousness the exclusive title of republicanism. If it fails, it is they who will make it fail. The impediments to its success, which arise from the structure of the human heart, create *surprise*, though they were obviously inevitable, and something like *despair*, though we know that they may be surmounted.

Faction will freedom, like its shade, pursue;
Yet, like the shadow, proves the substance true.

His hope was founded on maintaining publick opinion in that state of energy and correctness, for which at that time it was distinguished. With this view, he was indefatigable in his endeavours to guide and enlighten it,

* Page 95.

"Republican liberty* is held by the tenure of continuing worthy to hold it: we have to choose between the burden of its duties and its destiny." "What † are the resources for our safety? They all exist in the energy and correctness of the publick opinion. A thousand proofs exist, but the fact is so notorious, it is needless to vouch them, to show, that our government has been, and is supported only by the appeal to the virtue, zeal, and patriotism of the body of the citizens."

The life of the federal government ‡ he considered as existing in the breath of the people's nostrils: whenever they should happen to be so infatuated, or inflamed, as to abandon its care, its end must be speedy, and might be tragical. To perpetuate in the councils of our country the influence of the men, under whom that government began its auspicious career, and by whom it "was administered § with such integrity, without mystery, and in so prosperous a course, that it seemed to be wholly employed in acts of beneficence," was his unremitted endeavour, to which he devoted all the resources of his genius. He witnessed with anxiety the agitations of party, which commenced with the federal government, and which finally overwhelmed it, and was indignant at the spirit of falsehood and malevolence, with which it was assailed; yet he faultered not in his attachment to the free principles of the constitution, but clung to them and to the virtues, which then led the administration of it, because with the preservation of the one and the other was, in his mind, identified the existence of American liberty.

"Where there is no liberty, ‖ they may be exempt from party. Yet that heart is a base one, and fit only for a slave's bosom, that would not bleed freely, rather than submit to such a condition; for liberty with all its parties and agitations is more desirable than slavery. Who would not prefer the republicks of ancient Greece, where liberty once subsisted in its excess, its delirium, terrible in its charms, and glistening to the last with the blaze of the very fire that consumed it?"

When the events of succeeding elections had transferred the powers of the national government into the hands of men, by whom as well the federal constitution, as the principles of the two first administrations, had been uniformly opposed, the patriot was called to the performance of duties, differing indeed in their nature, but not inconsistent with those, by which the preceding period of his life had been actuated. A series of publick measures, which had been eminently successful in promoting national prosperity, was threatened with total abolition. New men had gotten possession of the supreme power, and new measures were to reward the interested anxiety of the partisan, or to flatter the vain expectation of the people. It was promised that the fruit of change should shoot quick and ruddy from the parent stock, all smooth to the sight, all sound to the touch; but the experienced eye saw beneath this thin and

* Page 114. † P. 112. ‡ P. 124. § P. 122. ‖ P. 123.

fair outside, the ashes of repentance and the bitterness of disappointed hope.

What would be the extent, and what the effects of the contemplated change, became the natural object of research.

* "If they should administer the government, according to the principles they have avowed in the gazettes of the party, and the examples in France, which they have so much admired, and if they should abolish and new model all that they have so much professed to detest in the laws of congress, there is indeed no curse of a thorough-going revolution, with which we are not threatened." † "The men who said the constitution ought not to have had being, are entrusted with its life and authority."

The duty of patriotism to suspect and to watch such guardians of its hopes was obvious and imperious. Mr. Ames undertook and executed the task with a distinguished consistency both of principle and argument. He continued to look, with undeviating confidence, to the greatness and universality of the interests at stake, and to the correctness of publick sentiment for the limitation of all and the final defeat of many of the schemes of destructive innovation openly avowed, or secretly contemplated. He recalled to the recollection of the people the principles of the constitution, reminded them incessantly of the blessings which resulted from adherence to those principles under the two first administrations; and by the portion of publick sentiment, which he thus strove to maintain in its original correctness, he was enabled to check the desolating progress of the new possessors of power. It cannot be doubted, that to the vigour and boldness of this writer, and of others cooperating with him, this people are indebted for the preservation of many important principles of the former administration, which the new had meditated, but in the face of so gallant a phalanx durst not attempt to overturn.

It cannot be denied that some things, whose destruction this writer foretold, have not been assailed. Yet this circumstance casts no just reproach on his penetration or his prudence. It is the natural tendency of predictions concerning the designs of publick men to defeat their own fulfilment. To render the judgment of rival politicians suspected, to do as little as possible as they foretell, or in the manner which they anticipate, is an instinctive art, which men practise without rule and often without consciousness. Those who for the sake of obtaining power rail at measures necessary and wise, seldom feel what they pretend, or mean to fulfil what they promise. Power, also, brings in its enjoyment other passions than those which accompanied its acquisition. Much that was denounced is suffered to remain, because those who succeed, not less than their predecessors, love the trappings of office and feel the necessity of the influence of appointments. Some things are of a

* Page 139. † P. 136.

nature not to be touched, because they are associated too deeply with the interests, the prejudices, or the sentiment of the community to receive the sponge with impunity. Many are not obliterated, because their continuance will disappoint the expectation of rivals, or perpetuate prepossessions against political enemies; others because circumstances make it wiser to conciliate than offend. Yet, notwithstanding pride, or passion, or interest, or accident has hitherto preserved much which the author of this work believed destined for destruction, enough of his predictions have been fulfilled to shew the extent of his foresight. In the rapidity of events, we do not realize progression. Embarrassments, the natural result of new measures and new projects, seem accidental, or extraneous in their cause. We deny them to be consequences of plans of recent policy. We refuse to admit the connection which nature and history establishes. Yet these events were foreseen. They were foretold. We at first heard the lessons of former times with indifference, and at last neglect being wise, even from our own experience.

Before the new administration commenced its career, Mr. Ames thus forewarned his fellow-citizens concerning their measures, and the consequences of their policy.

* "Commerce will be represented, as in the days of opposition, when the first frigates were voted against the Algerines, as too expensive to be protected by a naval force. Down then with the navy." † "Navies will be reduced, reduced as soon as it can be made tolerably safe and popular, to nothing."

‡ "There is evidence enough, that the party expected to rule is not friendly to the commerce of any of the states, and especially to the fisheries and navigation of the Eastern states. We do not want, they argue, an expensive navy for the sake of these; nor these for the sake of a navy. Navies breed wars, and wars augment navies, and both augment expenses, and this brings forth funding systems, banks, and corrupt influence.

"These few words contain the system of our new politicians, which it is probable they will be, in future, as in time past, complaisant enough to one another to call philosophy. Such illuminism, such visions of bedlam have visited some famous heads that do not repose within its cells, and condensed their thin essences into schemes of political reform, projects of cheap governments, that are to be rich without revenue, strong without force, venerable with popular prejudice directed by faction against them. Learned fools are of all the greatest, as well as the most indocile. Accordingly, in despite of the experience of all the world and of our own, in despite of common sense and the dictates of obvious duty, such men, high in reputation, and expected to be high in office, have insisted that we do not want a single soldier, nor a single armed ship: that credit is an abuse, an evil to be cured only by having none, a cancer that eats, and will kill unless cut or burnt out with causticks: that if we have any superfluity, foreigners will come for it, if they need it, and if they do not, it would be a folly and a loss for us to carry it to them. They tell us with emphasis, and seem to expect our vanity will gain them credit for saying, that America ought to renounce the sea and to draw herself closely into her shell: let the mad world trade, negociate, and fight

* Page 137. † P. 149. ‡ P. 140.

while we Americans live happily, like the Chinese, enjoying abundance, independence, and liberty.

"This is said by persons clad in English broadcloath and Irish linen, who import their conveniences from England, and their politicks from France. It is solemnly pronounced as the only wise policy for a country, where the children multiply faster than the sheep, and it is, inconsistently enough too, pronounced by those who would have all farmers, no manufacturers."

* "Expect amendments, that will make the constitution a confederation. Then expect commercial regulations, which will profess to cramp British commerce, and will cramp our own. First revenue, wealth and credit will take flight: then peace."

These were the predictions which, as early as 1802, he made to his fellow-citizens, concerning the policy and the result of the measures of the new administration. "*Dei jussu non unquam credita.*" They were heard with apathy, and received by most men with incredulity. Commercial profits were near, and fulfilment of these gloomy prognostications was distant. Men do not willingly permit anxiety for the future to disturb their enjoyment of the present. But when estimating this writer's talents and truth, let us not forget that when written, this was prophecy, nor omit to reflect, how much of it is already history.

Amid all the melancholy prospects, which his insight into futurity perpetually opened upon his fancy, he never wavered in his attachment to liberty, nor forbore to look to publick opinion and the principles of our constitution as the means of national preservation.

† "None but free governments are stable; and none that are purely democratick are free. We hope, that publick opinion will so effectually counteract the seduction and the threatened preponderance of a violent jacobin administration, that our own government, so wisely and happily combined, and so well adapted to our circumstances and sentiments, will be found, after some trials and agitations, to be both stable and free."

‡ "If our excellent government, in this the day of its humiliation and imminent peril, is to be saved, it must be by the correctness of the publick opinion and the energy of the publick spirit that is to impress it."

To warm, enlighten and invigorate the mass of his fellow citizens was the purport of all his writings. Sometimes, indeed, he indulges in splenetick exclamations against their perverseness, and utters caustick asperities upon their indolence, blindness, and apathy; yet he never fails to look, at last, to their intelligence and virtue, as the sure and only guardians of their future safety.

§"Bad as our prospects are, they are not hopeless. There is a sure resource for hope *in ourselves:* the steady good sense of New England will be a shield of defence. *Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.* The publick spirit and opinion of this division of the union constitute a force, which the enemies of our constitutions and fundamental interests will labour to corrupt, but will not dare to withstand."

* Page 151. † P. 213. ‡ P. 152. § P. 139.

The anxiety with which he saw France making rapid strides towards the establishment of universal empire, and his indignation at the spirit of proselytism, with which her sentiments and influence were propagated in the United States, form, also, striking features of these writings. Few men examined the consequences of political conduct with a more curious and piercing eye than Mr. Ames, or knew better how to adapt history to the illustration of objects existing in remote futurity. In all his studies concerning the experience of other men and other ages, he had in view the improvement of his own. His illustrations of passing events by those of former times, cannot be read too frequently; and never without new instruction and delight; so clear and so novel are the points of resemblance, he establishes; so judicious are his reflections; so striking and just are his inferences; so full of beauty his parallels.

He early perceived, that the success of France was not that of liberty, much less of republicanism;* that little reliance could be placed on coalitions, the members of which, jealous and envious of each other, were easily detached, by the hope of some particular interest, or made inert by the fear of becoming weaker than their allies, by disproportionate exertions in a common cause; that military glory† had become the ruling passion of Frenchmen, to which all the institutions of that country were calculated to give predominance; and that, like ancient Rome, whom France affected to imitate, and of whom she was the servile copy, her system could not be pacifick; that if Europe were conquered, an iron age would commence, in which all soldiers would be ruffians, and all not soldiers would be slaves.

‡"France will assuredly set her foot on the world's neck, if the force and the spirit do not exist somewhere to face her in arms, with a steadiness equal to her own ambition."

His mind, agitated by such apprehensions, continually excited him to communicate them to his fellow citizens, for the purpose of quickening their foresight and stimulating their activity. The cloud, although distant, he saw was gradually propelling its terrours towards this country. In prosperity and tranquillity was the time to prepare a shelter from its violence. For this reason he could not see without disgust and indignation our ships of war under the hammer, the spirit and hopes of our little navy quenched, our army, in some instances, so officered as to make men of character enter it with reluctance. §"Nothing but military strength is any security for national independence." The policy, therefore, of disarming the United States at a time of unprecedented danger, seemed to him madness, or something worse.

* Page 156. † P. 293. ‡ P. 303. § P. 259.

* "It is in peace only that armies can be trained; it is in peace only that navies can be prepared, and a very long preparation is requisite. We have abolished revenue enough, *that no poor man felt, the collection of which sent no son of laborious poverty supperless to bed*, to build a fleet sufficient for our protection. Coaches, loaf sugar, and whiskey, are to go *free*, and our commerce to wear *shackles!* Nothing is easier than for the United States to provide thirty ships of the line and sixty frigates. Such a force would protect our rights; and for want of it, France alone has plundered us of more than such a fleet would have cost to build, and equip, and maintain during the late war."

As the French comet advanced nearer its perihelion, gathering strength and destructive force in its progress, his eye watched with new anxiety its bloody phases, and his mind weighed, with increased seriousness, the awful forebodings with which it perplexed the nations. The old balance of power, which had for centuries maintained in certain general proportions the sovereignties of Europe, was annihilated. Neither Russia, Prussia, nor Austria, was singly sufficient to counterpoise the preponderancy of French arms. From coalitions, formed of discordant materials, he had no hope. He saw no nation, †"powerful enough to save Europe from subjugation but Great Britain," and concluded, "that every independent power had a manifest interest in the sufficiency of the British force, to balance that of France." ‡"She cannot defend herself without making other nations secure; nor is it possible, that her fall should happen, without infinite peril, perhaps utter ruin to the independence of all other powers."

History, observation, and reflection, satisfied him of the truth of these opinions. It became, therefore, one of the most earnest wishes of his heart, to ascertain whether Great Britain had the physical force to stand alone against the gigantick power which bestrode the continent. Although at one time§ he thought her success certain, in such a contest, at others she seemed to him too much incumbered with the spirit of gain.

‖"Late and loath, he was brought to believe that the military resistance of the continental nations of Europe would be ineffectual," and that "nothing is wanting to the solid establishment of a new universal empire by France, that should spread as far, last as long, and press as heavily on the necks of the abject nations, as that of Rome, but the possession of the British navy. France, whenever she can get access to her enemy, is already irresistible.

Such an event to him, in 1807, seemed probable. And his ever active mind, in which the spirit of patriotism never slumbered, at once set itself to investigate the consequences, which would result from it to the peace and independence of his own country; the interest of which was ever the pole star of his thoughts. He accordingly threw himself into the vast

* Page 260. † P. 257. ‡ P. 260. § P. 312. ‖ P. 330.

profound of our future fates, "*pennis non homini datis.*" He went as far, and perhaps discovered as much as is given to man. But wisely are the events, with which time is pregnant, hidden from the scrutiny of the learned, and the industry of the laborious.

*" In political conjectures, no guide is in the least a safe one, but experience; and each event is so much determined by its own peculiar circumstances, that analogy often fails, where it would seem on first inspection, similitude does not."

It is not therefore surprising that many, even among those who coincided generally in opinion with Mr. Ames, could not see an easy or a sudden termination to the British maritime force; nor were some of them willing to admit that were its whole navy "in the flat sea sunk," that a spirit and a power did not exist in this country, which, though latent at present, the imminency of the danger would call into activity, with a strength, sufficient to preserve, ultimately, its independence. This diversity of opinion however was merely speculative. Among men whose views of duty were similar, it could produce no practical difference. Whichever opinion should be ultimately proved correct, it was his duty, who believed, that the struggle would terminate in the subjection of Great Britain, and that with her the hope of our independence perished, to spread that conviction, with his reasons, fairly before the publick. Perhaps the contemplation of such an event as possible, much more as probable, might excite a spirit which would dispel the danger. It is not less the duty of a nation than of an individual to bring frequently into its consideration the evils which are most likely to interrupt its happiness or interfere with its safety; to the end that no practicable precautions may be omitted, but that every wise means may be put in train to evade or postpone its fate, and that if its doom be inevitable, that at least it may have time to gather up its robes and fall with dignity.

Whether we believe, or whether we doubt the ultimate ability of the United States to overcome in such a struggle, the work of publick duty is precisely similar. To maintain an honest and punctual neutrality; not to subtract force from one belligerent or add it to the other, under pretence of right of flag or of commerce; to refuse to enlist, or employ, the seamen of either of the militant powers, and so to modify our commerce, as to give just cause of offence to neither; these seem obvious obligations. To avoid, at least for the present, the exercise of dubious right, and to do nothing which should expedite the destruction of a nation, which evidently stood between us, and, if not subjugation, at least a bloody struggle for independence, seems an unquestionable policy.

* Page 361.

It was the study of Mr. Ames to recommend such a wise and temperate course of conduct. If ever the British navy should fall under the control of the French Emperour, it seems scarce possible that more than one opinion should exist concerning the consequences of such an event to the United States. If we retain afterwards our independence, we must fight for it. "The dragon will then have wings." Not only the natural impulse of military ambition, and the "desire of ships and colonies" would make such an attempt inevitable, but the very nature of the government of the United States must be necessarily odious, and essentially hostile, to an usurper, like Napoleon, whose security is intimately connected with propagating the belief, that he wields an iron sceptre, which no nation can break, and none ever despise with impunity. Would a nation, standing in the relation which we do to such a bold and unprincipled conqueror, be endured by him? a nation, denying his authority; associated by ties of language and affinity of blood with what, after the subjugation of Great Britain, would be a part of his dominions; offering an asylum to the discontent of the old world, and setting at defiance his power; a nation, assuming such an attitude as this, and it is the only one, which is consistent with the pretension of independence, would it be permitted to exist in quiet, or hold its tranquillity by any other tenure than unconditional submission to his commands? The conclusion then seems inevitable, that, if Britain falls, the United States will have to choose between slavery and a bloody resistance; and not to do any thing, which will have the tendency still further to incline the scale against her, seems the dictate of sound policy, if not of self-preservation. By a course of thought of this kind, the success of Great Britain in maintaining her national existence became associated, in the mind of Mr. Ames, with that pure patriotism, which was its predominant passion. He saw, therefore, not without distress and indignation, pretences advanced, which he thought she could not yield, and practices authorized, to which she could not submit consistently with that self-preservation, which had now, in her unquestionable relations to France, become her primary duty.

(To be continued.)

ART. 18.

Essay on Sheep; their varieties; account of the Merinoes of Spain, France, &c. Reflections on the best method of treating them, and raising a flock in the United States, together with miscellaneous remarks on sheep, and woollen manufactures. By Robert R. Livingston, LL. D. &c. &c. &c. Printed by order of the legislature of the State of New-York. Printed by T. & S. Swords, pp. 186. 8vo.

THE propagation of the Merino breed of sheep has, within a few years, excited the attention and patronage of almost every

government in Europe. The most enlightened agriculturists in England, France, and Germany, have used great exertions to multiply the flocks of this precious breed, and to remove the doubts and prejudices of common farmers respecting them. Being much less sightly animals, than those they are destined to displace, the flockholders in France and England, as well as in this country, have strongly opposed their introduction, and slowly yielded an acquiescence in their superiority.

The history of Merino sheep affords a very remarkable instance of the obstinacy with which mankind adhere to any established opinion; and that a single fact, or even many facts, will not produce a change, but that the steady perseverance of intelligent men, and indeed almost every man's individual experience are necessary. The Spaniards asserted, and the rest of Europe believed that the fineness of the wool was owing to the migration of the sheep through different provinces, the greater part of fine wooled sheep of Spain being driven to the mountains in summer, and returning to the plains in winter. Yet Spain herself furnished an exception to this practice, as nearly a million, about one sixth part of her Merino sheep were stationary. Besides, they had been introduced into Sweden, where they had been multiplied very considerably for nearly a century; and though that country with the exception of Holland is probably the most unfavourable for the experiment of any in Europe, they were improved from the original stock. Some countries in Germany also furnish the same result. Still Spain possessed almost a monopoly of this wool, but if we consider the manner in which her flocks were managed, and the enormous abuses of the code of the Mesta, by which the flockholders were governed, or rather by which they oppressed the rest of the nation, it will probably be found that she gained nothing by this apparent advantage.

In France they were introduced by the government; in England by the king as an individual. In both countries the opposition to them was strong, but their superiority was so evident, that publick opinion was changed perhaps in a ratio corresponding to their increase. So many exertions have been made, and so much has been written about them, that the attention of every man in Europe who takes an interest in the subject is fully awakened, and in the present situation of Spain, such numbers have been drawn from that country, by both the French and English, that the amelioration of all the short-wooled sheep in Europe will be effected at no distant period.

Leaving Europe, we have great satisfaction in knowing that this breed has been introduced into our own country, and that it is rapidly and widely spreading. We indulge the belief that, in a few years, our fields will be every where depastured by these precious flocks, and when that period arrives, the suggestion of Mr. Livingston, that the eastern and middle states

may bring into the market, either for exportation or home consumption, a quantity of wool which will equal in value the cotton of the southern states, will not be found extravagent.

It can hardly be necessary to remark, that the experiment has been fully tried, and that these sheep have not only not degenerated, but, as in almost every other instance, have been improved. This may seem to prove too much, but will be readily conceived, even by those who are not acquainted with the subject, when it is considered that in Spain the principal object of attention is to keep the number of the flocks entire, one of which amounts to 70,000, that no attention is paid to the carcass, only a few of them being eaten by the shepherds, the rest being all carrion. The attention that can and will always be given to a small number of a favourite breed, has caused an increase in the quantity without diminution of the fineness of the wool; and the English breeders have shewn by repeated trials, that their carcass is as valuable, and that they carry fat as well as any other breeds, excepting the Dishley, or Bakewell's, in which however flavour and nourishment, as well as wool, have been sacrificed to weight and fat.

Mr. Livingston seems to be of the opinion of those who ascribe the origin of these sheep to Columella. We rather think with Dr Parry, that they were derived from the Roman province of Apulia; but this is a point of mere curiosity. We think he is certainly right, though there is a diversity of practice, in washing the wool after it is shorn; the fleece of the Merino is too thick and waving to be effectually washed on the animal. His opinion that it will be better for small farmers to keep part blooded, than full-blooded sheep, may be disputed. Those who cannot afford at first to get full-blooded, will certainly do right to ameliorate their flocks in the greatest degree they can, but only on the principle, we think, that *half a loaf is better than no bread.* We shall make an extract from the appendix on the diseases of sheep, and only remark that the author has rendered a very important service, if the remedy he has discovered for the *tick* be effectual. The other disorder he mentions is a very serious one, and must be remedied before our flocks can be multiplied to any great extent.

"*Tick.*—This insect is extremely hurtful to sheep; it often reduces their flesh by the pain it induces, and spoils their wool by their tangling and rubbing it against trees and fences. Lean sheep are frequently so covered by them as to occasion their death. The remedies applied in England are solutions of arsenick or corrosive sublimate, and decoctions of tobacco. The first are dangerous to the operator, and may occasion fatal accidents; the last are hurtful to the sheep, if not carefully applied; but all are ineffectual on thick-woolled sheep, because it is impossible to diffuse them equally. I have happily discovered a mode of entirely destroying the tick, which is easy in the application, and attended with no danger. Take a bellows, to the nozel of which a pipe must be affixed capable of containing a handful of tobacco; (the refuse from the tobacconists will answer); set fire to the tobacco, and while one man holds the sheep be-

tween his knees, let another open the wool, while a third blows the smoke into the fleece; close the wool on the smoke, and open another place a few inches from it, and so go over the whole sheep, blowing also under the belly and between the legs: in twenty-four hours every tick will be killed. The whole operation may be performed upon a sheep in about two minutes."

"*Dogs*....This is one of the severest maladies under which our sheep labour; it generally attacks a whole flock suddenly, in which they run from each other in every direction; their wool and flesh appear to be torn to peices; many, when the disorder is seated on the throat and neck, die suddenly; others appear to be wounded in different parts of their bodies, and die in great torment. Sometimes the greater part of a flock are carried off by it in one night, and the expense and trouble incurred for years in raising a fine flock are instantaneously destroyed; for such is the nature of this complaint, that no attention on the part of the owner can prevent it. The remedy is good wholesome laws, steadily persisted in....firmness in the magistracy in carrying them into effect.....sufficient good sense in the people to aid in enforcing them, a readiness to respect the property of their neighbours, and to sacrifice boyish attachments to the general interest of the community."

The preface breathes a tone of aristocratick self-complacency, that will not be interrupted by the smile it must occasion; but we regret that Mr. Livingston should have been so far led away by his ardour to serve his country, as to arrogate to himself a degree of merit that does not belong to him. He was witness to the consequence that was attached to this object by some of the royal and noble farmers in Europe, and doubtless had hoped, by rendering the same service to his country, to make one of the principal figures in the circle; but in the mean time col. Humphreys had introduced a flock of *one hundred*, direct from Spain, selected with great care by a person well qualified for the task, and "*the glory of the Argonauts*" must be relinquished to him. From Mr. Livingston's own account, he has only introduced *two pair*, and the quality of these is subject in his expressions to be misunderstood,—

"but hoped to attain my object (more gradually indeed) by selecting two pair of the finest Merinoes I could find, and sending them over under the care of my own servants." He afterwards says, "after my return from Italy, being no longer in office, I obtained permission to ship others that Mr. Chaptal allowed me to select out of the highest bred flock in France. A variety of circumstances have hitherto prevented their arrival; but I still have the hope of seeing them here, with their increase since I purchased them."

We venture to assure Mr. Livingston, that the French government will never suffer this hope to be realized*.

* Since this was written, we have understood that these sheep were put on board the despatch ship Mentor; we presume through the connivance of the officers in the port. The ship after sailing touched at another port, the sheep were immediately seized and landed; an application was sent to Paris to the government, who refused permission to re-ship them. This meanness was practised by the same government to whom the cotton seed was sent by the late president of the United States.

We recommend this volume to the perusal of every person interested in rural affairs. It is written with a considerable degree of elegance, and contains all that is essential. Those who wish to see the subject minutely discussed, will be satisfied in reading the quarto work of Dr. Parry, but much of his work relates only to England. In French there is a work by Daubenton, another by M. Giraud (at present the French consul in Boston) and lastly the work of Lasteyril, *Traite sur les betes a laine*, &c. which is one of the latest.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

ART. 5.

(Continued from page 352.)

The History of New-England, containing an impartial account of the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of the country, to the year of our Lord, 1700. *To which is added, the present state of New England. With a new and accurate map of the country, and an Appendix, containing their present charter, their ecclesiastical discipline, and their municipal laws. In two volumes. The second edition, with many additions, by the author. By Daniel Neal, A. M.* London; printed 1747.

The second volume of Mr. Neal's history commences with Philip's war. Of this he gives a particular account, though not so minute as we learn from Hubbard's narrative, or from the journal of colonel Church*, who was one of the most active and successful military characters New England could boast off. Antiquaries will recur to these narratives, but they are too dry for the generality of readers.

The fathers of New England had been frequently threatened by distinct tribes of Indians, and it had been their policy to make the most of the assistance of the friendly nations; some of whom were always at war with those who opposed the white inhabitants. Philip knew how affairs had been managed. He laid a scheme, therefore, to engage all the Indians in a fixed determination to rise, kill, and destroy, before he made the first bold attempt to cut off the people that were bordering upon his own lands. The settlers of New Plymouth and Massachusetts had enjoyed tranquillity for more than 40 years, and were now filled with grief and surprise to find, that they were called to arms; but they made every preparation to defend their own dwellings, and to carry the war into the enemy's country. Philip was a bold and daring prince, † the son of

* A second edition of this journal was printed in Boston 1772.

† Mr. Neal, by mistake, calls him grandson of Massasoiet.

Massasoiet, sachem of the Wampanoags. The seat of his government was by the English called Mount Hope, which is in the town of Bristol, Rhode Island. It is said, "that he had a mortal hatred to the English, and despised their religion." Old Massasoiet himself never could be persuaded to think that his ancestors had false notions of the divinity, and continued in their religious belief; but he was fond of the English, and shewed kindness to them, though they came to settle on his domains. Philip viewed them with jealousy, and for this was called a perfidious wretch. Every epithet was applied to him, which the Roman writers apply to Hannibal, or Jugurtha, or any barbarous prince who fought in defence of his own country, or for a while kept his possessions from the mighty grasp of their iron hand. We here compare small things with great; but the sentiment applies to a savage warrior of these western regions who made every effort to prolong the existence of his own nation. It was criminal in this man, as his enemies thought, to have a different religion; or not to fall in with their ideas of property when they wanted his estate. This might have been said, if the Indians had had any friends to assert their claims; but their actions are recorded by those who wished to make them odious.

It is true, that the New Plymouth settlers were very different from most who came over to New England; and from the generations that succeeded in their own plantations. The first planters were governed neither by ambition, nor avarice. Had these passions been predominant, they would never have left Europe. They had been tried in the school of affliction, and all they wanted was to enjoy their religion. As they could not enjoy it, they left the "natale solum," the "dulcia arva" of old England, for a bare subsistence in Holland, or for these shores of North America, "saxis abundans, horridis ululatibus reboans."

It is no wonder that such men were indisposed to quarrel with the natives about their lands; it is no wonder that being so heavenly minded, some of the natives should think there was something divine in their religion. When Squanto was dying, he said, "oh let me go to the Englishman's God;" very different language from what a prince of Cuba addressed to a Spanish priest! The generation of Englishmen with whom Philip was most acquainted differed in many respects from their fathers; they were influenced more by worldly passions; they defrauded the Indians and provoked them to anger; and this led on to the influence of more malignant passions. Philip hated his neighbours, because he thought them more vile than Indians, who roamed through the American wilderness, but had never disturbed people in other quarters of the globe.

The machinations of this prince were first discovered by John Sausaman, who had been his secretary, and admitted to

all his counsels. This man became a convert to the christian faith, and was prevailed upon by the missionaries to tell all he knew. Soon after, John Sausaman was missing. Suspicions arose, and search being made, the body was found in a pond under the ice, with his hat and gun near the spot, to make it appear, as though he fell through and was drowned. There was no doubt but that he was killed by some of the Wampanoags, yet the legal evidence was wanting. Recourse was had to methods to find out the murderer, which the most credulous old woman would laugh at in these times. We do not wonder that Cotton Mather fully believed the story he tells, and it is very probable that his father *Increase* prescribed the method; but we are astonished that a writer, of such an enlightened mind as Mr. Neal, should repeat it upon their authority.

"When it was rumoured about, that Sausaman was missing, some of the neighbours went out in search of him, and finding his hat and gun near a pond, they drew out his body and buried it. But the government of Plymouth suspecting that he was murdered, ordered his body to be dug up, and impannelled a jury to set upon it, who, upon examining the body, found the neck broke, and the head very much swelled, and bruised in several parts, whereupon they gave it as their opinion that he was murdered. Dr. Mather says, that when Tobias, one of King Philip's counsellors, who was suspected of the murder, approached the body, it fell a bleeding, and that upon repeating the experiment several times, it always bled afresh. The justice of peace did not think fit to commit him upon this evidence, till one Patuckson, an Indian, came and swore, that he saw him with his son, and another Indian, called Mattashinnamy, kill Sausaman; and after a fair trial by a jury, consisting half of English, and half of Indians, were found guilty; and though they denied the fact upon the ladder, yet the last of them happening to break or slip the rope, confessed before he was turned off the second time, that the other two Indians who had suffered, did really murder Sausaman, but himself was only a spectator of it."

It is not merely the language of poetry:

"One murder makes a villain,
"Millions a hero."

Had Philip conquered the English, had he destroyed the race of strangers, who have since swept all the Indians from the country of his fathers, he would have been celebrated as the great sachem, dreaded by his enemies, and adored by all the aboriginals.

In the course of this war, a great number of towns and villages were depopulated and burnt. Besides the towns laid in ashes, such as Deerfield, Marlborough, &c. terrible cruelties were committed at Andover, Chelmsford, Sudbury, Groton, Rehoboth, and several other places. The Indians often met with a warm reception, and were glad to escape by flight.

When Philip had stirred up all the Indians in New England, he went to the Maquas, and contrived the following stratagem to engage them in his concerns:

"Meeting with some of these Indians, he murdered them with his own hands, and then went in haste to the prince of the Maquas, and told him,

that a party of Plymouth soldiers had invaded his country, and killed several of his subjects in the woods. This raised a mighty ferment among the people, and would effectually have answered the end, if it had not happened, unluckily for him, that one of the men whom he thought he had killed, recovered so far of his wounds, as to crawl home, and inform of the truth of the matter, before he died. Upon this the nation conceived so implacable a hatred against Philip, that they resolved not only to continue their alliance with the English, but to act separately against him, and his confederates, and drive them out of the country with fire and sword."

Hence the Prince of the Warriors became a fugitive, and was hunted like a wild beast in the woods and marshes of Mount Hope, till he was shot by an Indian, August 12, 1676, as he was coming out of a swamp.

"His body was quartered and set upon poles, his head was carried to Plymouth, where his skull is preserved as a curiosity to be seen at this day." Page 18.

One thing ought to be mentioned here which Mr. Neal seems not to have known, but which is related by Hutchinson, who took great pains to pick up what former generations had said or written, and was very conversant with people of the old colony.

He says, a tradition has been handed down that Philip himself was averse to beginning a war with the white people, but was set on by his young men, whose fierce spirits he could not quell; that he was seen to weep over the calamities of his country when they told him of the first Englishman who was slain. All this might be consistent with his mortal aversion to the English. He had a full premonition that his lands would be possessed some time or other by the new inhabitants, and being a man of such foresight, he must have been persuaded that the present war would only hasten the general destruction of his race.

The tenth, or succeeding chapter of Mr. Neal's history gives an account of the "Revolution of the government of New England; The reduction of L'Acadie, or New Scotland; Sir William Phips's unfortunate expedition to Quebec," &c.

Chap. XI. Sir William Phips returns to England, and joins with the New England agents at the court of King William and Queen Mary, in soliciting the restoration of the charter. They obtain a new one, not so agreeable to the people as the old one. Sir William Phips appointed governor. The war renewed with the Indians. The memorable siege of Welles, &c.

The twelfth chapter is a very important one, being an account of the witchcrafts of New England. We shall extract his relation of the trial of the Rev. Mr. Burroughs, which will give a just idea of these trials, the conduct of the court, the shameful testimonies that were allowed, and the melancholy consequences of the delusion which was manifested by all orders of people.

"Mr. B. was brought upon his trial August 5, 1692. The Indictment is as follows:

"*That G. Burroughs, late of Falmouth, in the Province of Massachusett's Bay, in N. E., Clerk, 9th of May*, 4th year of the reign of our Lord and Lady, William and Mary, &c. &c. and divers other times and days as well before as after, certain detestable acts, called witchcrafts, and sorceries, wickedly and feloniously hath used, practised and exercised, at and within the township of Salem, in the county of Essex aforesaid, in, upon and against one Mary Wolcott, of Salem Village, in the county of Essex, single woman, by which said wicked acts the said M. Wolcott, the 9th of May, in the fourth year aforesaid, and divers other days and times, as well before as after, was, and is tortured, afflicted, pinced and consumed, wasted and tormented, against the peace of our sovereign Lord and Lady, the King and Queen, and against the form of the statute in that case made and provided.

Witnesses
MARY WOLCOTT,
SARAH VIBBER,
MERCY LEWIS,
ANNE PUTNAM,
ELIZABETH HUBBARD.

Endorsed by the Grand Jury.
Billa vera.

"The bewitched persons unanimously charged the spectre of the prisoner to have a share in the torments, several declared that they had been troubled with the apparitions of two women, who said they had been the prisoner's wives, and that he had been the death of them.

"Some declared that the prisoner, though a puny man, could do amazing feats, such as lifting a gun barrel upon his finger, (which the prisoner acknowledged he could do, and that several others could do the same; for it required nothing more than natural strength.) But the court thought that *others* may also be assisted by the *black* man. Robert Calef denies that Burroughs was a puny man, and in opposition to Dr. Mather, says that when he was a boy he was remarkable for his strength. But whatever he said in his defence was thought weak, though he delivered in a paper to the jury, wherein he offered to prove, "That there neither are, nor ever were witches, that having made a compact with the devil, can send a devil to torment other people at a distance." He certainly dropped oracles of wisdom from his lips, though he did not speak to wise men.

"Mr. Ruck, brother-in-law to the prisoner, testified, that Mr. Burroughs and his wife going to gather strawberries, the prisoner stepped aside a little into the bushes, whereupon they halted and halloed for him; but he not making them any answer, they went homeward with a quickened pace, not expecting to see him in a considerable time, but when they were near his house, to their astonishment they found him with a basket of strawberries. The prisoner chid his wife for what she said of him on the road, which when they wondered at, he said *he knew their thoughts*. Ruck replied, "That is more than the Devil himself knew; but, the prisoner replied, "My God makes known your thoughts to me." Dr. Mather says, the court were of opinion, *that he then stepped aside only that by the assistance of the black man, he might put on his invisibility, and in this fascinating mist, gratify his own jealous humour to hear what they said of him.*

"Upon the day of execution, Mr. Burroughs was carried with others, in a cart through the streets of Salem to the gallows. When he was on the ladder, he made a speech for the clearing of his innocence, with such solemn and serious expressions, as were to the admiration of all present. He concluded his prayer with the repetition of the Lord's Prayer; he uttered himself with so much propriety, fervency, and composure, as drew tears from the spectators, insomuch that some were afraid they

would hinder the execution; but the accusers said, the *black man* stood by and dictated to him.

"He was cut down, and dragged by the halter to the grave, and tumbled in with a number of others. The rest of the criminals went out of the world declaring their innocence, and laying their blood at the door of false witnesses." Page 144.

Upon which Mr. Neal makes this judicious remark.

"By these examples, the reader sees that neither integrity of manners, nor the strongest protestations of innocence with their dying breath, were sufficient to move compassion, nor stop the tide of people's zeal against the unhappy persons at this time." He says likewise, "that he cannot forbear making a remark upon all the trials that Dr. Cotton Mather hath published to the world upon this occasion; he passes over the defence of the prisoners in such general words as these, *they said nothing worth considering; their discourse was full of tergiversations and contradictions; they were confounded, and their countenances fell*, &c. whereby his reader is left in the dark, and rendered incapable of judging of the merits of the cause. If the defence of the prisoner was so weak as the Doctor represents, it had been for the advantage of the court to have exposed it at large to the world; but if not, it is very hard it should be smothered."

Vol. 2. Page 141.

It is not to be conceived that such a state of things could last long. The accusers proceeded to bring forward their complaints against some of the first characters of the province. Among others, the venerable Willard, minister of a church in Boston was accused. One of the judges was a member of his church, and they were told they were mistaken. This judge was very soon made sensible that the court had gone too far. He afterwards made a confession of his errour in certain cases where judgment had been given. He publickly declared this before the Old South Church in Boston, on a fast day. Gov. Phips likewise, who had treated the accused with uncommon severity, set open the prison doors, and released all that were under sentence of condemnation, and all persecutions were stopped.

Mr. Neal carries on the history of the country in another chapter to the time when Lord Bellamont was governour, who arrived in America, in the month of May, 1698. Whether his lordship disliked the people, or climate of Boston, "notwithstanding all the respect which was paid him, he chose New York for the place of his residence, and Mr. Stoughton, as Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, managed affairs in his absence. He lived only two years."

During this administration, the times were more prosperous, trade began to flourish, a calm succeeded the troubled waters, and the people rejoiced in the blessings of peace.

The last chapter contains a description of New England; or the state of the country in 1720.

"Of the climate, soil and product of it. A description of the town and harbour of Boston; with an account of the most considerable towns and villages in the several counties of New England. Of the inhabitants, their

number, their religion, their civil government, their customs, and manners, their trade and political interest."

The curiosity of some persons may be gratified with a comparison of the state of things at that time with the present state. A century will make great alterations in the face of any country; but, what remarkable changes have happened in ours.

Our extracts will however be confined to the town of Boston, which is not so much altered as we should expect. According to the first census which was made under the federal government, the population was about the same as in 1720.

"The number of houses in the town will enable us to compute the number of inhabitants; for if we allow but six or seven to a house, the whole will amount to 18, or 20,000; as we may compute by the bills of mortality, which are, in comparison with those of London, one to fifty, or fifty-two; for the *yearly* bill of mortality is much the same with one of the weekly bills in London. The yearly bill for 1718, stood thus:

Buried	Whites,	334.	
	Negroes and Indians		46.
Total			380.

"If we compute the inhabitants of London, and the adjacent villages, within the bills of mortality, at a million, those of Boston will amount to between 19 and 20,000. Whence it appears that the town is considerably increased within these last ten or twelve years. For the late ingenious Thomas Brattle esq. whose ingenious observations are now before me, says, that in the year 1708, the number of inhabitants did not amount to above 10 or 12,000 souls. He adds further, that the militia of the town consisted then of eight companies of foot, of about 150, or 160 in a company, and one troop of horse; but the inhabitants being since increased above a third part, their militia must now amount to 2000 men.

"There are ten churches, or places for publick worship in Boston. Six of the establishment, namely, the Old Church, as it is called, who are reckoned most narrow in their principles, &c. The North Church, South Church, New North, and New South, and the Church in Brattle Street, who are reckoned the most liberal in their principles, because they neither require making publick confessions, nor the owning a particular church covenant, in order to admitting persons to their communion, as all the other churches do; as likewise, because they read the scriptures, and recite the Lord's Prayer in their manner of worship.

"There is one Episcopal church, one French, one Anabaptist, and one congregation of Quakers." Pages 226, 7.

According to the calculations of Sir William Petty, the New England provinces contained in 1691, 150,000 inhabitants. He says, 16,000 men being mustered in arms, there must be 24,000 able to bear arms, which being reckoned a sixth part of the inhabitants, makes the whole about 150,000.

Mr. Neal questions the calculations of Sir William.

He again quotes Mr. Thomas Brattle, whom he calls the greatest mathematician this country has ever produced, who says,

"that in 1708 there were not above 100,000, or 150,000 souls; and about 20, or 25,000 fighting men. Of these Boston," says he, "contained 12 or 13,000 people. The inhabitants of this being increased therefore to 19 or 20,000, the whole number would be 160, or 165,000. The military strength 30, or 35,000." Page 239.

A very good appendix is given to Mr. Neal's history, which makes nearly half of the second volume.

No. 1. Order of the General Court concerning Harvard College, in the year 1642.

No. 2. The charter granted by William and Mary.

No. 3. Appendix to the College Charter, 1657.

An act, for the perpetuating and advancement of Harvard College, 1672.

No. 4. An abridgment of the Platform of Church Discipline, agreed upon at Cambridge, 1648.

No. 5. Canons and Constitutions of the Church of New England, revived 1634.

No. 6. Heads of agreement assented to by the United ministers, formerly called Presbyterian and congregational.

No. 7. An abridgment of the laws and ordinances of New England, to the year 1700.

No. 8. A list of the Council and General Assembly of the province of Massachusetts Bay, for the year 1719.

No. 9. A list of the Council and General Assembly of the province of New Hampshire, 1720.

These are curious papers, some of them scarce, all of them worth preserving; and while we take leave of our historian, we would acknowledge that we have received some information, and very great satisfaction and entertainment from perusing his work; nor can we wonder that our fathers so highly valued it; or especially that the liberal people of a former generation should prefer this *history to the Magnalia Americana*, since it contains the *Medulla* of that voluminous work in a style far superiour, and with such sentiments and observations as Mather had not language to describe, nor a head and heart to conceive.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

Our Correspondent, Atticus, will find his emendation of Ovid in the Text of Burman. When his communications are of greater value, *we shall gladly pay the postage.*

The articles in our Retrospective Review will in future be numbered from the commencement of the Series. That in the present number may be counted as Art. 17, there having been published six numbers in our fifth volume, six in the sixth, and five in the present volume. Of course the first article in our eighth volume will be numbered 18.

Erratum. In the last number of the Anthology, page 319, line 3 from the bottom, for *Let* read *Lest*.

INTELLIGENCE AND MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

From the Paris Argus.

FINE ARTS.

The triumphal arch which has been raised in the *Place de Carousal*, to the glory of the grand army, looks on one side towards the Thuilleries in the direction of the axis of the vestibule; on the other it faces the Louvre in a line a little diagonal. It is 45 feet high, 60 in length, and 20 1-2 in depth.

The triumphal arches of Septimus Severus and of Constantine appear to have served as models for this monument; like them, it consists of three arches in front, but it has besides one running across, which cuts the three others in the form of a cross, and which is nearly in the line between Marigni gate and the *rue de l'Echelle*. The diameter of the middle arch is 14 feet, that of the others is about 8 1-2. The building is of free stone of a very beautiful grain, and finished off with a great deal of care. The two principal fronts are ornamented with eight pillars of red Languedoc marble, which support a projecting entablature with a frize in black Italian cherry, and upon which are placed eight statues. These columns are of the Corinthian order, with bronze bases and tops. Above is an attick surmounted with a double socle crowned with a quadriga. This is nearly the order of the plan. We will now proceed to the description of the ornaments.

The arches over the lateral gates are decorated with thunderbolts, branches of laurels, of palm trees, and with the monogram of the emperour. Above the centre of the arch over the middle gate, which is ornamented with caissons, is placed a basso-relievo, seen horizontally, and which represents his majesty in his imperial robes, crowned by victory. This piece of sculpture is by Mr. Lesueur, and the figures of the rivers on the tympans of the archivaults are by Mr. Boichot. All the ornaments are by Messrs. Gorgery and Benier, with the exception, however, of the trophies of arms placed in the tympans of the archivaults of the little exterior gates, which are by Mr. Montpellier. The four Fames of the middle gate were carved by Messrs. Taunay and Dupasquire; those next the Thuilleries by the former, and those next the Louvre by the latter.

Above the little arcades are placed basso-relievos of white marble, the subjects of which are so many different actions of the campaign of 1805. These are explained by inscriptions in French above, in gold letters upon ground of black Italian cherry. The following is the description of these basso-relievos, in the order in which they are placed, beginning by that which is to the right hand of the spectator, who is supposed to be in the court of the Thuilleries and making the tour by the left: *interview of the two emperours*, by Mr. Ramey: *enter into*

Munich, by Mr. Clodion: *enter into Vienna*, by Mr. Desienne: *victory of Austerlitz*, by Mr Espercieux: *treaty of Presburg*, by Lesueur. This last basso-relievo is the only one executed allegorically; in the other attention has principally been paid to portray the place of action, and to catch the resemblance of the principal personages.

Above these basso-relievos is a kind of frize with little children holding garlands of laurels, and in the attick are cut smaller basso-relievos, in which are represented allegorical figures supporting the arms of the empire and those of the vanquished nations. The artists are Messrs. Gerard, Dumoat, Callamar, and Fortion.

We have already mentioned that the eight pillars were surmounted by statues of white marble; the following is their description in the same order as the basso-relievos:

The first is a miner, by Mr. Dumont; a cannonier, by Mr. Bridan; a carabinier of the line, by Mr. Moutoni; a grenadier, by Mr. Dardle; a carabinier of cavalry, by Mr. Chinard; a horse-rifleman, by Mr. Foucon; a dragoon, by the late Mr. Corbet; and a cuirassier, by Mr. Taunay.

The quadriga which crowns this monument is by Mr. Lemot, with the exception of the horses, which are antiques; these were taken at Venice, and are what are commonly known under the name of the *Corinthian horses*. The two figures of victory and peace, which are holding the horses, the car, and the figure which is one day to be placed there, and which our gratitude represents to us as already placed in it, are of lead and gilded.

Above the middle gate are two tables of white marble, in which are to be placed inscriptions that are to be furnished by the third class of the Institute.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

THE French journals having at length reached this country, we shall present our readers with an abstract of the annual reports of the labours of the different classes of the French National Institute. We begin with Ginguene's report of those of the class of Ancient History and Literature.

Mr. Mongez, deeming nothing in the history of the ancients altogether unimportant, and persuaded, that the precise sense of words, apparently of little consequence, is frequently connected with the history of their arts or customs, has paid particular attention to the term *creta*, which he finds to have been used in three different significations by some of the best writers: it is most commonly equivalent to our *clay*, frequently to *marl*, and sometimes, though seldom, to *chalk*. The *marga* of the Latins meant our marl, and their *argilla*, our clay.

The same gentleman has analyzed part of the handle of a spoon, found among various articles of a similar metal, supposed to have been used by the Roman soldiers. Finding it to consist of tin, alloyed with between a third and a fourth of lead, he proceeds to examine a passage in Pliny, lib. xxxiv. c. 17, where it is said, that the Romans alloyed their tin, *stannum*, by adding a third of its weight of *aes candidum*, which made *plumbum album*. Mr. Mongez considers this *aes candidum* as the mixture of copper, lead, tin, and zinc, called by the French *potin gris*, or simply *potin*.

A third paper by Mr. Mongez is on an ancient tomb, discovered under ground in a churchyard at Lyons, in 1778, buried again during the troubles of the revolution, and lately uncovered afresh. The epitaph begins, *Memoriae aeternae Exomniae Paterniani quondam centurionis legionarii, &c.* The uncommon epithet *legionarius* Mr. M. supposes to have been added, to shew, that Exomnius Paternianus was an officer in one of the Roman legions, and not of the auxiliaries. There is another particularity in this tomb. The inscription is on a tablet; and at each end of this tablet is an appendage, containing two proper names in Greek characters, with the Greek word of salutation at meeting on one, and that used at parting on the other. A similar particularity occurs on other tomb-stones found at Lyons. Mr. Mongez conjectures, that some of the Asiatick Greeks, who first established Christianity at Lyons, had made use of these tombs for the interment of their dead, and added the Greek inscriptions without defacing the Latin, these containing nothing repugnant to their own religion.

Mr. Petit-Radel, who has formed a theory of his own, from the examination of various remains of ancient walls finds himself at variance with the learned Freret, respecting the foundation of Argos. Freret ascribes this to an Egyptian colony, led by Phoroneus, son of Inachus; and supposes the Greeks to have derived from the Egyptians, the first elements of the arts of social life. Mr. P. R. thinks, on the contrary, that the colony of Danaus, which Freret makes the third, was the first that came from Egypt into Europe; and that the Greeks had arts of their own, before they knew any thing of the Egyptians. Having pointed out many contradictions, into which Freret, and, copying him, the author of Anacharsis, have fallen, and defended the veracity of Dionysius of Hallicarnassus, he concludes, that Inachus, the founder of Argos, was a Greek. The general deduction of Mr. P. R. from all his inquiries, is, that our historical hemisphere may be divided into two zones of antiquities, very different from each other. One of these, which he terms Cyclopean, is formed according to the system of arts in Europe, and consists of vast blocks of stone, cut into regular polygons, and united without cement, merely from the nice fitting of their joints: the other, the Asiatick, is formed of

stones cut in rectangular parallelograms.—Throughout Italy and Greece, wherever the two have been found on one another, the Cyclopean structure always constitutes the base.

Mr. Toulongeon has written a dissertation on the amphitheatres of the Romans, chiefly with a view to their moral effects, and omitting what has been repeatedly said of them. The place called *spoliarium*, where those gladiators, of whose recovery there was little hope, were despatched in cold blood; the ferocity of the Romans; and their degradation, when young men of noble families fought in publick for the amusement of the emperors, chiefly engage his attention.—He also made a report of an edition of Cesar's *Commentaries*, which he is publishing previous to his new translation of this work.

Mr. Silvestre de Sacy had been appointed by the class, to examine the archives of Genoa, in which a great number of important Oriental MSS. were said to be preserved; but his expectations were greatly disappointed. He found only a Hebrew bible, with a commentary in the same language; part of one in a roll written for the use of some synagogue; two treaties in Arabick, with the Arabian sovereigns of the Balearick islands about the end of the 12th century; a treaty in the Armenian language; and a Turkish passport. There were several treaties, however, in more or less barbarous Latin, which threw some light on the settlements of the Genoese along the shores of the Black Sea, and on the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean. Mr. de S. likewise examined several other collections, particularly the archives of the bank of St. George.

Mr. Barbie du Bocage read an abstract from an account of an hydrographick atlas in the library of the duke of Benevento, drawn in the 16th century. Mr. B. asserts, that the coasts of New Holland are laid down in it, and that they were discovered by the Portuguese before the English or Dutch had any knowledge of them; though the discovery was lost to the Portuguese by the treachery of Don Michael de Sylva, bishop of Viseu, a favourite of the king, who left Portugal in the year 1542, carrying with him into France some papers of importance, with which he had been entrusted by his master.

Mr. Pougens, having directed his studies chiefly to the antiquities of the North, has met with a goddess but little known, named *Nehalennia*, who was worshipped, particularly in Zealand, in the second century of our era. He considers her as a local goddess, that presided particularly over the publick markets and maritime trade.

Mr. Brial has inquired into an assembly held at Chartres, styled by some a general parliament, and dated by eminent chronologers in 1146. He finds, that it was not held till 1150, and that its object was different from those of Bourges, Vezelay, and Etampes, held in 1146 and 1147; these being employed solely on preparations for a croisade, while that of Chartres

discussed not merely the question of affording succour to the Christians in the Holy Land, but that of avenging the disasters experienced in their march by the army of croisaders, in consequence of the treacherous policy of the Greek emperors. It was in this assembly, and not in 1146, that St. Bernard was chosen as leader of a new croisade, the expenses of which were to be defrayed by the clergy; both the king and nobles, who were but lately returned from a former expedition, being too much impoverished, both in men and money, to attempt another. This project was abandoned almost as soon as conceived, probably because the clergy in those days were too fond of the good things of this world, to follow the advice they gave the laity.

Mr. Mentelle, having traced the rise and decline of the house of Austria from the time of Adolphus of Hapsburg, to the treaty of Austerlitz, estimates the Austrian dominions, at the latter period, as including 10,738 German square miles, or 29,842 French leagues; their population at 22,004,800, and their annual revenue at 103 or 104 millions of florins, or somewhat more than twelve millions sterling.

Mr. Dupont de Nemours has been employed on a history of the finances of England, of which he read a few chapters to the Institute. His inquiries have led him to give a decided preference to a revenue from the net income of land above all the modes of taxation.

Mr. Dupont has been engaged in another discussion. The class has been required to lay before government, designs for medals, to perpetuate the memory of the great events of the present day. Mr. D. is of opinion, that in this we should imitate the ancients, by adopting the spirit of their practice, not by servilely copying them. Thus he would have modern medals faithful representations of the dress, weapons, implements, and edifices, of the nations they are intended to commemorate, and the inscriptions in their vernacular language. Thus the medal would bear the stamp of the nation to which it belonged, and the time in which it was struck; and, to remote posterity, it would be valuable, as exhibiting a faithful representation of things forgotten from disuse, or the form of which had been totally changed by fashion.

In a second paper, he applies this theory to some of the subjects proposed.

The class not agreeing in opinion on this subject with Mr. Dupont, Mr. Quatremere de Quincy has written a long paper in defence of employing the ancient costume, and the figurative or allegorical style.—Several other papers have been read, which Mr. Ginguene barely mentions, as being parts of investigations not yet completed, or works intended for separate publication.

From the National Intelligencer....Printed at Washington.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

HAVING announced to the publick, some months ago, my intention of entering into astronomical calculations to determine, by one of the most approved methods of computation hitherto devised, the longitude of the Capitol, in the city of Washington from Greenwich observatory, in England, for the purpose of fixing a first meridian for the United States, at the permanent Seat of their government, I have thought it a duty incumbent on me to fulfil the promise then made, so far as the data afforded by a *single* observation would admit. The result has been obtained with great accuracy, on the following principles.

1st. Supposing the form of the Earth to be that of a *perfect sphere*, the length of whose polar is exactly the same as its equatorial diameter, consequently, no reduction has been made, in that case either of the *latitude* of the Capitol, by observation, or of the Moon's equatorial horizontal parallax.

2d. Admitting the figure or shape of the Earth to be an *oblate Spheroid*, the ratio of whose equatorial to the polar axis is assumed to be as 334 to 333; according to which ratio, a reduction of the latitude of the place, and of the Moon's horizontal parallax, has been made.

3d. Allowing the ratio of the *axes* to be as 230 to 229.

Several considerations induced me to undertake this work, among which, are....

The regret with which I have seen for a number of years, a *patient*, or rather a *regardless* appearance of acquiescence in a degrading state of dependence on a foreign nation, by submitting to the custom of reckoning our departure, or estimating our longitude from Greenwich observatory, in England, as if a prominent link in the chain of our former colonial vassalage could not be broken, as well as the others.

By the plan of the city of Washington, in the Territory of Columbia, the Capitol in that City is *intended* to be a first meridian for the United States; but in order to *establish* it as such, the distance between it and some other known meridian in Europe, or else where, measured or estimated on a parallel to the Equator, and referred to the Centre of the Earth under the respective meridians for which the computation may be made, should be ascertained on correct principles, and with due precision: however exact the data or elements connected with a single observation may be, the result ought not to be depended upon as conclusive, without comparing it with those which may, respectively, be found in future, by skilful persons, and with good instruments. Solar eclipses and occultations of known fixed stars by the moon, afford the best means hitherto discovered for determining the longitude of a place with sufficient accuracy; but when *they* cannot be resorted to, other methods

which give a near approximation to the truth, ought not to be disregarded.

The improvements made in the lunar tables since the year 1804, from the discovery of new equations by M. de la Place, make it necessary to test the result founded on the occultation of *n* Pleiadum, *(Alcyone)* by the Moon, on the night of the 20th of October, in that year, with other means of research, especially when a first meridian for any country is proposed to be fixed. I, therefore, consider the abstract of calculations which will be shortly submitted to the American publick, to be only the foundation of a superstructure which may, and probably will be completed at no distant period, with such evidences of stability in the materials and workmanship, as shall defy the storms of prejudice or malice to overturn.

WILLIAM LAMBERT.

City of Washington, December 11th, 1809.

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOR DECEMBER, 1809.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura. *Mart.*

NEW WORKS.

Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Part I. Vol. III. Cambridge, Hilliard and Metcalf, 1809. Quarto, 212 pages.

A Journal; containing an account of the wrongs, sufferings, and neglect, experienced by Americans in France. By Stephen Clubb, late a prisoner in that empire. Boston; 1809.

Remarks on John Quincy Adams's Review of Mr. Ames's Works, with some strictures on the views of the author. Boston; T. B. Wait, and Co; 50 pages octavo.

The Christian Monitor, No xii. Boston; Munroe, Francis and Parker.

Reports of Cases Argued and Determined at Nisi Prius, in the Supreme Court of the State of New York. By John Anthon, Esq. Counsellor at Law. New York; Robert M'Durmot.

A history of New York, containing an account of its discovery and settlement, with its internal policy, manners, customs, wars, &c. while under the Dutch government; furnishing many curious and interesting particulars never before published, and which are gathered from various manuscripts, and authenticated measures, the whole being interspersed with philosophical speculations and moral precepts, 3 vols. 12mo. price 3 dollars. New York; Inskeep and Bradford.

No. 5, and 6, Correspondence of the late President Adams. Boston; Everett and Munroe.

The second part of the Clergyman's People's Remembrancer, containing a brief delineation of the true Christian's Character, as exhibited by him in those various relations in life, in which Divine Providence hath placed him. By Willam Percy, D. D. Charleston, (S. C.) E. Morford, Willington and Co. Price $1.

Fun for every day in the Year! or Food for all Palates, a choice collection of Witticisms. Boston; Samuel Avery. Price 25 cents.

Thoughts on the Study of Political Economy, as connected with the Population, Industry and Paper Currency of the United States. By L. Baldwin, Esq. Cambridge; Hilliard and Metcalf. Price 50 cents.

Dr. Emmons's Discourse, entitled "The Giver more blessed than the Receiver." Boston; Lincoln and Edmands.

Important Documents which accompanied the Message of the President of the United States, at the opening of the second session of the eleventh Congress. November, 1809. New York; published by Prior and Dunning. 96 pages, octavo.

Hints on the National Bankruptcy of Britain, on her resources to maintain the present contest with France. By John Bristed. New York; Ezra Sargeant. 8vo. Price 3 dollars and 50 cents, in boards.

Observations on a Letter from Noah Webster, Esq. published in the Panoplist, and republished in a pamphlet in New York. By an Old Fashioned Churchman. New Haven; Oliver Steele and Co. pp. 24.

NEW EDITIONS.

Hugo Grotius de veritate Religionis Christianae cum notulis Joannis Clerici; accesserunt ejusdem de eligenda inter Christianos dissentientes sententia, et contra, indifferentiam religionum, libri duo. Boston; T. B. Wait and Co. 388 pages, 12mo. Price 2 dollars, in boards.

Lectures on Systematick Theology and Pulpit Eloquence. By the late George Campbell, D.D. F.R.S. Ed. Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen. Boston; T. B. Wait and Co.

The Physician's Vade Mecum, containing the Symptoms, Causes, Diagnosis, Prognosis and treatment of Diseases, accompanied by a select collection of Formula and a Glossary of Terms. By Robert Hooper, M. D. Licentiate in Physick of the University of Oxford and the Royal College of Physicians of London; Physician to the St. Mary-le-bone Infirmary, and Lecturer on Medicine in London; with a translation of the Formula, and additions and alterations to the American climate, &c. By a practitioner of the state of New York. Albany; E. F Backus. Price 1 dollar and 25 cents.

A new edition of Pike's Arithmetic, abridged from the new octavo edition, and much improved. Boston; Thomas and Andrews. Price 1 dollar.

The Letters of Junius. New York; E. Sargeant. Price 1 dollar, in boards.

Sermons to Young Women. By James Fordyce, D. D. Third American, from the twelfth London edition. New York; Robert M'Durmot. Price 1 dollar.

Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden, during the years 1805, 6, 7, and 8. By Robert Ker Porter. Philadelphia; Hopkins and Earle. Price 2 dollars and 50 cents.

Part I. of a General Collection of Voyages and Travels, forming a complete History of the Origin and Progress of Discovery, by Sea and Land, from the earliest ages to the present time, preceded by an Historical Introduction, and Critical Catalogue of Books of Voyages and Travels; and adorned with numerous engravings. By John Pinkerton, author of Modern Geography, &c. Philadelphia; Kimber and Conrad. Brown and Merrit, printers.

The History of the Heathen Gods, and Heroes of Antiquity, ornamented with twenty nine handsome cuts: To which is added an original Translation of the Battle of the Gods against Giants. The whole newly arranged, corrected and enlarged, with the addition of several original and valuable articles. By William Sheldon, F. A. S. Boston; Isaiah Thomas, jr. Price 75 cents.

Nubilia in search of a Husband. Boston; Wm. M'Ilhenny. 245 pages, 12mo. Price 1 dollar and 25 cents.

True Christianity, or the whole economy of God towards Man, and the whole duty of Man towards God: written originally in German, by Rev. John Arnt; translated into English, by Rev. Anthony Boehm. The first American edition, revised and corrected by Rev. Calvin Chaddock. Price 2 dollars 25 cents.

Essays on the most important Subjects of Religion. By Thomas Scott, Rector of Aston, Sandford, Bucks, &c. and author of Commentary on the Bible. Cambridge; Hilliard and Metcalf.

WORKS PROPOSED AND IN PRESS.

Wm. Wells, and T. B. Wait and Co. have in press (the first volume will be published in ten or fifteen days) a New Literal Translation from the original Greek, of all the Apostolical Epistles. With a Commentary, and Notes, Philological, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical. To which is added, a History of the Life of the Apostle Paul. By James Macknight, D. D. author of a Harmony of the Gospels, &c. The first American, from the second London edition. In six volumes. To which if prefixed, an account of the Life of the Author.

T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, have in press, The American New Dispensatory. Containing, I. General Principles of Pharmaceutick Chemistry. Chemical Analysis of the articles of Materia Medica. II. Materia Medica, including several new and valuable articles, the production of the United States. III. Preparations and Compositions. The whole compiled from the most approved modern authors, both European and American. To which is added, an Appendix, containing, A definition of the nature and properties of the Gases; by a Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society. Medical Electricity and Galvanism. On Medical Prescriptions. An abridgement of Dr. Currie's Reports on the use of Water. Method of cultivating American Opium. By James Thacher, A.A. & M. M.S S.

T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, have in press, Rules and Regulations for the Field Exercise and Manoeuvres of the French Infantry, issued August 1, 1791. Abridged. And all the manoeuvres added, which have been since adopted by the emperour Napoleon. In two volumes. The second volume to contain forty-two plates.

W. Wells, and T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, have in the press, An Attempt towards an Improved Version, or Metrical Arrangement, and an Explanation of the Twelve Minor Prophets. By William Newcome, D.D. Primate of Ireland, now enlarged and improved, with Notes, and a Comparison of the chief various renderings of Dr. Horsley on Hosea, and Dr. Blaney on Zachariah.

T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, propose to publish, The Philosophy of Rhetorick. By George Campbell, D.D. F.R S. Edin. Principal of the Marischal College, Aberdeen. 'Certo sciant homines, artes inveniendi solidas et veras adolescere et incrementa sumere cum ipsis inventis.' *Bac. de Augm. Scient.*

Lincoln and Edmands will shortly put to press a new and handsome edition of the valuable Sermons of the celebrated Samuel Davies, formerly President of New Jersey College.

John Elliot, jr. of Boston, has in the press, and will shortly publish, Tales of Fashionable Life. By Mrs. Edgworth, author of Practical Education, Belinda, &c.

Bradford and Inskeep, of New York, have in the press, and will finish with all convenient speed, a complete History of England, comprising the narrative of Hume, and the continuations of Smollet and Bisset, exhibiting a connected series of English History, from the invasion of Britain by Julius Caesar, to the treaty of Amiens, in 1801.

West and Blake, and Manning and Loring, propose to reprint by subscription, a "Musical Grammar," by Dr. Callcot, organist of Covent Garden church.

INDEX.

PAGE.

Adams John, Letters from, ... 104, 168
Addison and Johnson . . 29
Austerlitz, Pillar of . . 283
Barlow's Columbiad . 3, 166, 290
Belcher and Watts . . 234
Botanical Garden . . . 69
Botanical Journal . . . 70
Buckminster's Address . . 145
Butler and Johnson . . 232
Chemistry 281
Chinese Literature . . 281
Coins 68
Columbus to the king of Spain 77
Commentators 31
Cromwell, Richard . . 174
Delille's Eneid . . . 140
Dentist, motto for . . . 94
Dryden 313
Duelling 30, 139
Dutchmen 93
Elections, English . . 30
Elegy 233
Escape, unlucky . . . 94
Fame, immortal . . . 174
Fernow, biography of . . 138
Fossil bones 69
Franklin, Dr. 174
French criticism . . . 166
French Emigrant's letter . 377
French literature . . . 159
Gluttony 175
Grammar 234
Grecian Pictures and Statues 28
Grecian Song 29
Greece, Travels in . . 213
Greek literature . . . 11
Grimstone Harbottle . . 174
Harp, Jews 93
Healths, custom of drinking 27
Hebrew 311
Hennet 233
Historical Society of New York 284
Historical Society, a hint to 388
Hume, a letter of . . . 175
Huss, John 93
Johnson and Addison . . 29
Johnson and Butler . . . 232
Judgment and Memory . 372

PAGE.

Languedoc, Canal of . . 140
Letters from Europe, No. 31, 17... 32, 95 . . . .
Letter from a French Emigrant 377
Lucan's Pharsalia . . . 73
Lucretius 313
Luzac, biography of . . 235
Marvell's lines on Charles I. 311
May's Lucan 217
Memory and Judgment . 372
Mercure de France . . 138
Merrick's poetry . . . 371
Meteorological 67
Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border 299
Montagu's, Mrs. Letters . 80
Needle, Magnetick, variations of 354
New York Historical Society 284
Norton, Fletcher . . . 177
Noy, William 93
Orthography, old fashioned . 312
Paintings, exhibitions of . 273
Pater Noster 377
Portugueze literature . . 383
Rake, author of the , . 298
Remarker, . No. 44, 37....45, 100
Rousseau, anecdotes of . . 221
Rowe's Lucan 217
Ruhnken's lecture on history . 378
Schools, public, anecdotes of 21
Seville, a tour to . . 305, 361
Shakespeare, a new note on . 28
Silva, No. 53, 27....54, 92....55, 174....56, 232....57, 310.... 58, 371
Slave Trade 94
Solomon and Theocritus . 27
Steele 311
Theatre de l'hermitage . 310
Theocritus and Solomon . . 27
Translations, English, from Roman poets, remarks on, No. 6, 73....7, 217....8, 313
Venice, an account of 84, 160, 225
Vesuvius, eruption of . . 139
Watts and Belcher . . 234
Websters's philology 205, 353, 366
Winslow, Edward . . 28
Xeres, a description of . . 306

POETRY.

Anacreon, translations of 321, 390
Castle in the air . . . 179
Castle in the air, another . 319
Dream 395
Enthusiasm, a poem . . 239
Envy 40
Head's poem on enthusiasm 239
Horace, imitations of . 111, 321
Horace, translations of . 113, 320
Hymn 178
Livore de 40
Mistress, Anacreon's description of his 321
Ode to Time 180
Paint king, a sublime ballad 391
Rose, on seeing a faded one . 177
Summer evening . . 112
Time, an occasional ode . . 180

REVIEW.

Ames's, Fisher, works . 323, 400
Analogy of religion . . 59
Bank, Farmer's Exchange . 187
Barlow's Columbiad . 114
Butler's analogy . . . 59
Christian Monitor, No. 8. . 337
Coelebs 338
Columbiad, Barlow's . . 114
Dictionary of Noah Webster . 246
Eckley's sermon . . . 345
Education, Neef's system of . 264
Eulogium on Dr. John Smith 131
Exchange Bank of Rhode Island 187
Georgick papers . . 56
Heresies, M'Farland's view of 41
Hopkins's, Samuel M. Oration 61
Livingston's Essay on Sheep . 410
M'Farland's view of heresies 41
Monitor, Christian . . 337
Navigator 195
Neef's method of education 264
Oration of Hopkins . . . 61
Paley's Sermon 130
Papers, Georgick . . . 56
Sallust, Wilson's . . 55
Septuagint, Thomson's translation of 396
Sermon, Eckley's . . . 345
Sermon, Paley's . . . 130
Sheep, Essay on . . . 410
Smith, eulogium on . . 131
Thomson's Septuagint . . 396
View of heresies, M'Farland's 41
Webster's Dictionary . . 246
Wilson's Sallust . . . 55

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Allen's history of Vermont . 271
Boylston's account of the small pox 201
Burrough's trial for witchcraft 418
Morton's memorial . . . 62
New England's memorial . 62
Neal's history of New England 346, 414
Vermont, Williams's history of 133
Vermont, Allen's history of . 271
Williams's history of Vermont 133